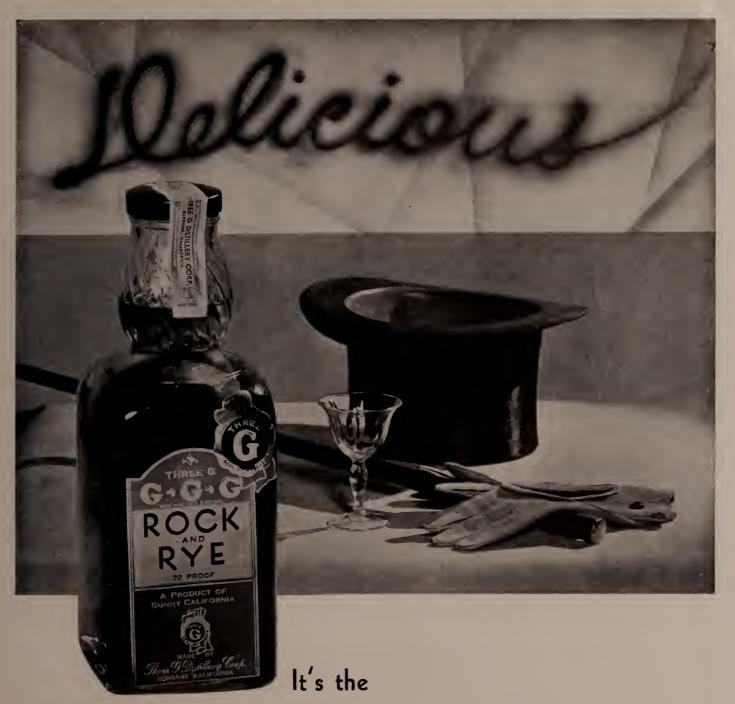
# Motion Picture Studio Motion Picture Studio Motion Picture Studio







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#### FUTURE FEATURES

Next month the "INSIDER" is proud to present some special features and articles for its February Issue. Below is a brief forecast of our editorial calendar.

#### Across the Roof of the World

A sequel to the absorbing article in this issue depicting the adventures of the world's most famous cameraman, James B. Shackelford. This one will relate his experiences in the Gobi Desert with Roy Chapman Andrews.

#### The New Idol of the Cinema

Why Robert Taylor swept, almost overnight, to unprecedented popularity with the motion picture public!

A personal interview.

#### The Biography of David Selznick

Continuing our series devoted to portraying the lives of the leaders who have moulded the destiny of the Motion Picture Industry, the February issue will contain an article about that eminent producer.

The Illuminating Story about How Films are made, and the Ultra-precision Instruments Necessary to their Manufacture.

#### Destined to Sing

Read the concluding Installment of this interesting serial. Does Dick escape the consequences of his Italian Romance?

### MURRAY HOWARD BOIS-SMITH Publisher and Editor

VOL. 1	JANUARY, 1937	No. 2
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### DARRYL F. ZANUCK

The Little Napoleon of 20th Century-Fox, whose dynamic personality has been responsible for the exceptional progress made by the union of these two major studios.

GUPPOSE I was not the type of boy mothers would point to as an example for their offspring." remarked Darryl F. Zanuck. reminiscently. His remarkable achievements would tend to prove that even the most omnicient and adoring of mothers may be mistaken.

Like other notable but less real characters of recent date, Mr. Zanuck started life at "Grand Hotel," in his case definitely located at Wahoo, Nebraska. This was in September, 1902.

"My parents took me on a visit to California where I got a job at fifty cents a day working in pictures. I was then six years old and had to sneak away for my adventure as an actor. My father found out about his aspiring son but instead of being impressed he nipped the would-be Thespian genius right in the bud by returning him to Nebraska and protecting grandparents," he said, with a twinkle of amusement.

"Then came the dreary routine of the schoolroom. But I managed to play hookey often enough. roaming the woods hunting and trapping animals. This I suppose, is where I got my love of hunting—a passion that has taken me as far as Africa and Alaska on the trail of wild game, for the love of the woods and the thrill of the chase is in my blood.

"Above everything, as the boyhood years passed, I hated the unexciting school days so when trouble loomed in Mexico I immediately enlisted. Although under age I persuaded the recruiting officers that I was eighteen. Wahoo wasn't big enough to hold me after that and when the World War came along I looked upon it as my fight and joined up. When the representative of my division on the A.E.F. newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, got in the way of a bullet and was sent home. I got the chance at his job. I had always wanted to write—probably everyone does.

"My work for the paper brought a letter of commendation and I was so encouraged that when we were sent back to the States. I remained in New York in the fond hope of making my mark as a magazine writer. I ground out story after story, presented them to editor after editor but the best result was

a lone editorial note to the effect that while my work showed promise it needed more finish!

"But being still in my 'teens. the world was still my oyster though I had not as yet been able to pry open the shell. I went home to my parents who had moved to California. then, needing money, a job as longshoreman on the San Pedro waterfront proved expedient. After this I tried my hand in the fight ring as a lightweight, and was promptly knocked out!

"So I took stock of myself and decided that Zanuck's brain had a better chance of success than his brawn, with which ambitious idea I organized the Darryl Poster Service, an outdoor advertising company. When the money I had saved and borrowed was exhausted I went back to my writing and to my surprise sold an original story to the Fox Film Company. The check was for \$500.

"This auspicious beginning evidently indicated auctorial ability so I wrote a novel 'Habit' which failed to create even so much as a ripple on the literary surface of things. But I put a copy of it under my arm and went over to Fox and sold myself as a scenario writer. For a year I turned out almost a scenario a week.

"Warner Brothers heard of my facility in grinding out plots so they hired me to write for their unique box-office star, Rin Tin Tin. He, of hallowed memory, kept pace with the most fantastic of my youthful fancies and the money poured in to the company's coffers.

"But I wanted to do more than write dog operas, so after three years I walked into Jack Warner's office and outlined a plan I had been turning over in my mind. I wanted my own production unit and a share of the profits therein. It took nerve, but I had discovered that unless you impress others with your own self-confidence, no one will place confidence in you. Warner has a great sense of humor and a strong belief in the men he picks. He met my demands.

"Thereafter I was an associate producer, which meant mostly that instead of working twelve hours a day I had the privilege of working as high as eight-



DARRYL F. ZANUCK

een. Supervising picture production at that time meant a combination of writing the story, directing, cutting and editing. The various steps of production had not become so specialized as they are today.

"The highlight of my work with Warner Brothers was the introduction of sound in pictures. We had been interested in the possibility of bringing in music and songs when Warner asked me to make 'The Jazz Singer,' starring Al Jolson. Our first plan was to have only songs but we slipped in a bit of dialogue and so—talking pictures were born. That was in 1928. In 1931 I was made chief executive in charge of all Warner Brothers productions.

"I set out then to make a new type of picture. The screen, in acquiring the gift of speech, had taken on new vital possibilities. It was up to us, who made the pictures, to make the screen play live. So I reached out to the front page of the newspapers for stories which would be timely and which would reflect the most interesting of contemporary human problems. I began dramatizing front page news and my efforts met with startling success. We made 'Little Caesar,' 'The Public Enemy' and 'Five Star Final.' because the public was grabbing up its newspaper to follow the latest exploits of this new social menace. We made 'Office Wife' and 'Illicit' because they were the life stories of the girl of today. We made 'I Am A Fugi-

(Continued on page 52)

SCENES FROM PICTURES COSTUMED BY

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Charge of the Light Brigade
Warner Bros.-1st Nat'l

San Francisco Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Mary Queen of Scotland RKO-Radio

Romeo and Juliet Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Show Boat Universal Pictures

Anthony Adverse
Warner Bros.-lst Nat'l
Tale of Two Cities
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Captain Blood
Warner Bros.-lst Nat'l

Souls At Sea
Paramount Productions

Michael Strogroff
RKO-Radio

Quality Street

RKO-Radio

Robber Barons RKO-Radio

Come and Get It Samuel Goldwyn Woman of Glamour Columbia Pictures













### Editorial

### THE PENALTY OF SUCCESS

THE phrase "The Penalty of Success" might seem paradoxical to the average mind for it is natural to ask, "How can success in one's life impose any penalty?"

As all terms are relative perhaps we had better qualify this particular one by making it **material** success, for it is in achieving material success that so often a penalty seems inevitably involved.

This penalty appears unwarranted yet it is almost invariably inflicted on the winners, no matter in what field of endeavor they excel. Whether in music, art, industry, science or invention the less fortunate aspirants apparently develop morbid streaks of jealousy, envy and malice. Through ignorance of, or indifference to the universal law they will impose the poisonous and unpardonable penalty of slander, that obnoxious abomination wrought by loosely wagging tongues.

Such slanderers are as poisonous snakes but unfortunately, unlike the real reptiles, they are not confined to certain localities. No! The human variety is indigenous to every part of the civilized world and no one who has climbed to the upper rungs of life's ladder is safe from their attack.

Their venom has been directed with particular malignancy at the motion picture industry. The misguided release of faulty news by the more sensational representatives of the press has created a general impression that Hollywood, with its film folk, flourishes in rather more spectacular and deplorable brands of sin than are to be encountered elsewhere. The malicious tongues wag and in the fangs of the littleminded there is distilled venom of such a virulent nature that its sting is well nigh incurable.

And all the progressive and efficient organization now existing in the motion picture industry has been unable effectively to check the calumnies.

There is a method of dealing with snakes, that of removing the poison fangs. But there is only one way to counteract the poison of the human variety, where our movies and their animating personnel are concerned. The only way is enlightened public opinion.

Delving into the lives of those who have met with outstanding success it immediately becomes apparent that many of them had to overcome and remove from their paths obstacles that must have seemed beyond human strength. Yet as a result of their persistence, courage and faith they have justly won to achievement. Why should their public permit such high endeavor and hard-won success to be degraded!

Almost invariably, when some gifted individual reaches stardom on the screen, the jealous tongues start wagging and they do not stop at mere innuendoes. Without a shadow of foundation they will make the most libelous statements, the derogatory implications of which tarnish many a fair name. And the morons, and the degenerates become conduits which carry the poisonous stream of "did you hear this," or "I heard that;" "she may be a star, but—!"

Truly "rumour hath an evil tongue."

It is at this point that you, Mr. and Mrs. Public, can help to arrest the flow of this deadly gossip by lashing back at the carrier with words of contradiction and sharp reprimand. If your own son or daughter were the object of such attacks you would quickly repudiate the charges with the scathing contempt they deserve and thus you would be doing your bit toward routing the evil.

Let us recognize the love for one another that guides the universal law of life and with this recognition give all credit to the sterling qualities that are essential before anyone can succeed in the fiercely competitive field of motion pictures. What our stars attain is just as much the fruits of their hard and honest labor as is the success you may have met with in the business or professional world. They give you many hours of pleasure and entertainment. Surely, in return, it is only fair to give them credit and fair renown.

Muray ABris Suith.

### 7. abert & Hoeffer Inc.





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### METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"LOVE ON THE RUN" A.W. S. Van Dyke Production. Producer—Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Director—W. S. Van Dyke. Stars—Joan Grawford and Clark Gable, with Franchot Tone, Reginald Owen, Mona Barrie and Ivan Lebedeff. Director of Photography—Oliver T. Marsh. A.C.S. Art Director—Cedric Gibbons. Original Story—Alan Green and Julian Brodie. Screen Play—John Lee Mahin. Manuel Seff and Gladys Hurlbut. Recording Director—Douglas Shearer. Film Editor—Frank Sullivan. Gowns by Adrian.



"AFTER THE THIN MAN" Producer—Hant Stromberg, Original—Dashiell Hammett, Screen Play—Francis Goodrich, Albert Hackett, Director—W. S. Van Dyke, Asst. Director—Charley Dorian, Cameraman—Oliver Marsh, Cast—Myrna Loy, William Powell, James Stewart, Jos Calleia, Elissa Landi, Jessie Ralph.

# AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL MUNI AND LUISE RAINER

The Stars of "THE GOOD EARTH" chat informally on the set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and present their Personal Histories in this Special Interview by Pauline Gale.

SEATED together on a wooden bench in a Chinese street were two discouraged-looking young Orientals. The man was dressed roughly in coarse blue cloth with straw sandals on his bare feet. The woman, in trousers and padded jacket, slumped wearily against him. They looked painfully poor, dreadfully tired and entirely broken in spirit.

"May I present Mr. Paul Muni and Miss Luise Rainer." The studio official paused before these two with the amazing words. It was not until the Muni grin broke through the Chinese face before us that we identified the actor. Strangely enough, the Chinese "look" was still there, even though Paul Muni himself was recognizable.

The girl shook hands, smiling. Again merely a glimpse of Luise Rainer shone through the Chinese makeup, the merest hint of that attractive and volatile star. The Chinese expression, the Oriental attitude of those two was in each gesture. It is the ineffable artist that lives in actors like these which permeates them so completely that during the enacting of a scene they live their part sincerely and unconsciously carry through even off-stage. To us. these people were Chinese, and throughout the long talk that followed, rarely did that illusion leave the minds of the various people who spoke with them. including the interviewer. Tired they truly were, for since early morning Luise Rainer had done back-breaking work in a paddy-field with Muni beside her. planting the new seedling rice plants for the next year in a scene for "The Good Earth." The day was hot and real perspiration had trickled from under their make-up. Now they were exhausted and looked it. It was this very tired and sad weariness which director Sidney Franklin had wanted to catch in them for the last scene of the day. Now that it was over the feeling was still with them.

It is a long way from "The Great Ziegfeld" to "The Good Earth." There is a vast difference between the vital beauty of the nineties played by Luise Rainer in the former picture as compared to the tired young Chinese wife broken by poverty and famine in "The Good Earth." It is her versatility which proclaims Miss Rainer as a consummate actress.

Versatility is the keynote of Paul Muni's characterizations as well. "If I ever get so typed that producers could talk about a 'Muni story' as though it fitted my type," said Paul Muni earnestly to us. "I'd quit pictures for good."

From the Mexican in "Bordertown" to the mine worker in "Black Fury." From the gangster in "Scarface" to the story of "Louis Pasteur" and now the Chinese peasant in "The Good Earth" Paul Muni has gone, in each picture portraying with his forceful personality a different type of person.

(Continued on page 60)



#### THE

### STUDIO MAGICIAN

PAUL WIDLICSKA creates rain, snow, hail and fog at a moment's notice. Here's how a studio can have weather to order at any time of the year within the sound stage. The property man is called upon to provide anything from two hundred sand flies to an eighty mile an hour gale, and he is usually successful if it is humanly possible to satisfy the demands. He invents the item, or the machine to make it; borrows it from a collection, or gets it from across the world. It's all part of the day's work.

A LLADIN had a lamp! Paul Widlicska has thirty handy men and the craziest shop and store-room in Hollywood. With his props and his men he can out—Alladin Alladin any time.

At the Samuel Goldwyn studios, when they want it to snow or rain on the set, or when they want the wind to sigh or howl, or when they want a mooing cow. a crocodile or a cockroach, they yell: "Hey Paul!" They give the little Austrian propmaker a rough sketch and less time than he needs to fill the order and he goes to work.

He tackles the job with the firm idea that nothing is impossible; if he allows himself to doubt this theory for one moment, he would lose his job. He must not feel that anything on earth is impossible.

Paul is the Edison of Hollywood's prop-making shops; an inventive wizard who has perfected more intricate gadgets perhaps than any living inventor, but one who never seeks a patent, and who tosses his inventions into an ash can the moment the cameras cease grinding on the scenes for which they were needed.

"If the others can use my ideas, let 'em have 'em. I have plenty of ideas



Fogging up the "Dodsworth" set! PAUL WIDLICSKA working his fog machine.

from others myself," is the philosophy of this magic maker who has been hearing the "Hey, Paul!" in Hollywood studios for twenty years

studios for twenty years.

This daddy of all the prop makers wears a sprightly air these days because of two pictures recently released by Samuel Goldwyn. One of the pictures.

a screen adaptation of Edna Ferber's story of an American lumber dynasty, "Come and Get It" put Paul's new show shaker to a test. The snow shaker covered itself with glory and a big sound stage with "snow." The other. Sidney Howard's screen version of Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth," revealed the worth of Paul's new wind machine, the product of three year's tinkering.

His snow shaker is a cylindrical contraption which hung high above the "Come and Get It" set. When snow was ordered, finely cut chicken feather drifted slowly down to be wafted realistically against the log cabins by the miraculously quiet wind machines.

They almost broke Paul's heart two years ago when they stopped manufacturing "Falco Flakes," a sort of corn flake breakfast food resembling snow. This was Paul's favorite "snow." It was hard to make chicken feathers behave, at first. Paul would put a crew of men to work cutting up the feathers, but from time to time the men would become interested in conversation while so engaged, so that some of the pieces would be entirely too large.

"When our snow began to fall," related Paul, "once in a while you would

(Turn to Page 63)



Lett: The Hollywood "snow" man! MR. WIDLICSKA with his newly-developed snow-shaker, used for the first time in "Come and Get 1!," the Samuel Goldwyn production. The cylindrically-shaped shaker spreads chicken feathers so evenly over a set that even the actors are tooled. No more corn flakes for "snow" nowadays! Right: Here is PAUL'S latest invention, a wind machine which can blow a gentle zephyr or an 80-mile an hour gale without a sound on the set where it is used.

ELISSA LANDI A versatile lady whose twin talents are so ably expressed, both as an eminent actress and as a successful author, THE popular screen fare for the world will always have to be pictures that have fast sweeping action, clever plot, and bold, sturdy character delineation. I do not believe that psychological plot, fantasy, or stories based only on mental rather than physical action, will ever satisfy picture audiences. The first have visual action, the beholder can see what takes place and understands. "But the latter can only be grasped by reading. Only in a written story or a novel can one penetrate into the mind of a character. Thus spoke Elissa Landi, eminent star, when interviewed recently by the Insider on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where she is playing in "The White Dragon" colorful mystery drama. Further, she knows whereof she speaks, because she is novelist as well as actress, having achieved outstanding success in "Pictures will always have to be pictures!" she reiterated. "And the more physical action the better. I just adore those that are replete with it. Villians, chases, exciting plot developments—that to me is real entertainment and showmanship." Whether she loves acting more than writing, however, she wouldn't say. But she does feel that writing is less wearing on her both physically and mentally.

"The writing affords me relaxation. I love to do it and have written since I was a child. Hence it comes easily to me and I find the quiet and thought induced by turning out a novel very soothing after the excitement of making a picture. The two work very well for me. but never together.' tinued firmly. "I only write between pictures. Regardless of what talent one wishes to employ, one must give one's whole self to that (Turn to Page 59) Upper Right: Elissa Landi on her recent return from European success. Center Right: With Edmund Lowe in a scene from the "White Dragon" her first picture since her return from abroad. Lower Right: At the tender age of two. Below: Exuding personality and charm.



Above: Placid street scene in Cairo. Upper Right: A courier of the desert, saluting the sunrise over a sea of sand. Center: A "dolly" shot filming a native attack on a South Sea village.





Above Left: Getting ready for a "dolly" shot along a machete-hacked path through the tropical jungle. Above Right: James B. (Shack) Shackelford. Below: Grey sails in the sunset, on a Cannibal isle. Lower Right: A story conference in the shadows of the pyramids.



### AROUND FOR

World's most famous cameraman returns from circumnavigating the earth in search of authentic motion picture material.

AN has always been intrigued by the lure of the unknown. Far places fascinate him—dim, distant lands beckon. Dark, little known corners of the earth, laved by the waves of the farther and more romantic of the seven seas are magnets, moons of the tides of men. Wishing to satisfy that constant seeking after what lies over far horizons, we embarked on a cruise around the world, having for our purpose the exploration of these little known corners, and taking pictures of them and their inhabitants to extend the frontiers of actual knowledge about them."

Thus, in short, staccato phrases did Mr. James B. Shackelford, characterized by newspapers the world over as the most famous cameraman of our present age describe his purpose and that of his company in cruising 40,000 miles during the last 18 months on a motion picture taking expedition. (Photographer for Roy Chapman Andrews on the four



## REALISM

As Told By

James B. Shackelford.

To BENGT ARTUR JONSON

history-making expeditions to the Gobi Desert, the same on several scientific journeys to the South Seas, and film explorer of hitherto hidden nooks of the earth's surface, we feel that Mr. Shackelford richly deserves the appellation.)

Bronzed, burnt by the salty, hot winds of those sultry seas from which he has just returned, Mr. Shackelford literally bubbled with enthusiasm over the results he and his party had obtained.

The expedition was commanded by Tay Garnett, as experienced a director as Mr. Shackelford is a photographer. (Directed "China Seas," and other classics of the industry.)

Sailing from Los Angeles Harbor on November 24th, 1935 in an 105 foot yacht, the "Athene," they spent the ensuing months gathering material for the edification, education and amusement of the American people; capturing on film (Turn to Page 53)



Above: Exploring the submarine barrier reefs, prior to under sea photography.



Above: "Palace" of the native king of the Fiji Islands where members of the expedition were royally entertained. Below: Female members of the cast receiving instructions.



Above: Film laboratory rooms of the "Athene."

Aboriginal make-up, fore and aft.



### UNIVERSAL PICTURES



"MURDER ON THE MISSISSIPPI" Charles R. Rogers—Producer. Val Paul, Associate Producer. Arthur Lubin, Director. Stars and Feature Players—James Dunn, Jean Rogers, Andy Devine, John Eldredge, Robert Cavanaugh, Jonathan Hale, Pat O'Malley. Director of Photography—Milton Krasner, A.S.C. Art Director, Jack Otterson. Original Story by Fred MacIssacs. Screen Play—Jefferson Parker and John Gray. Sound Recorder, Charles Carroll. Musical Director—Charles Previn. Sound Supervision—Homer G. Tasker. Wardrobe—Vera West.



"TOP OF THE TOWN" Producer—Lou Brock. Director—Walter Lang. Stars and Principal Players—Doris Nolan, George Murphy, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Gertrude Niesen. Director of Photography—Hal Mohr. Sets and Costumes by John Harkrider. Dance Director—Gene Snyder. Original Story by Lou Brock, with additional credits to Charles Grayson, Robert Benchley, Browne Holmes. Music by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson... Musical Direction by Charles Previn.

### SPEEDING FATHER TIME

JACK PIERCE, make-up artist for Universal Studios, can age a character twenty years in three hours by the use of expertly-applied make-up. Here's how he does it.

NOTED for his creations of monsters and ghostly characters, Jack Pierce has now added another laurel to his growing list of make-up successes: the illusion of extreme age!

We met Mr. Pierce in his spotless little make-up department at the studio, which looks like a combined operating room and scientific laboratory. The great make-up chairs are built exactly like barber-shop chairs with swivels and head-rests so that the face of the actor or actress is held rigidly still for the application of grease-paint, paint brushes stand in fan-like formation ready for use and bottles and jars of compounded colors for make-up are arranged neatly in rows. It is in this room where Edward Arnold entered every morning, a man in the prime of life: to totter out three hours later an ancient and broken old man of eighty with faltering step and shaking hands.

"When I make a character up for extreme age," said Jack Pierce, "I ask for his co-operation or it is impossible to get the effect of reality. With Edward Arnold, in order to get his shoulders to give the right droop for the final scenes in "Sutter's Gold" I had a harness made which pulled his body forward and dropped his shoulders down. It is useless to make up a face to look old and not change the posture, the hands and, of course, the facial expression. It takes the actor's willing efforts to produce the correct effect."

Jack Pierce does not leave make-up just at the mere greasepaint stage. He adds scientific knowledge and a goodly amount of character analysis to his creations.

"A person changes from youth to age first in the eyes, then in the mouth, then in the drooping of the muscles of the face. It is comparatively easy to make up a face so that it is beautiful and attractive. It is not so easy to create furrows and lines so that they seem to belong on a face that is completely devoid of lines or ageing expressions. Nevertheless I venture to say that no matter how young and beautiful a person may be, I can make him or her look old and even act old after three hour's coaching and makeup application."

It sounded like a terrible threat to us!
A short time ago the way actors were aged for the screen was by a generous

powdering of the hair and face coupled with a free use of the grease-pencil for lines and furrows and—voila!—age!

The bright eyes and erect carriage of the actor or actress belied the powdered hair and made the effect one of farce rather than tragedy.

It's very different now. With Jack Pierce the creation of age for screening purposes is an art and he takes his work earnestly and with serious purpose.

"The eyes of a very old person are smaller than those of a younger one," he told us. "I make up the eyes so that they give that effect. The mouth of an old person breaks into a thin line and sinks in under the nose. I get this expression with careful shading and sometimes add a mouthpiece inside the actor's mouth to distort his speech so that it sounds reedy and thin as that of a person ancient of days. In the face of a powerful character such as that of old John Sutter, I kept the lines of strength in his face and added those of age which gave the effect of a fine and vital person yet retained the illusion of his extreme age."

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Left: The first mask of the Frankenstein monster. MR, PIERCE uses this model to "lay-out" his plans for the application of KAR-LOFF'S make-up. Right: Here is a finished product. Edwin Arnold at eighty-two, made up for his part in "Sutter's Gold.

### RKO-RADIO PICTURES



#### "RAINBOW ON THE RIVER"

"RAINBOW ON THE RIVER"

Producer — Sol Lesser. Associate Producer—Edward Gross. Director—Kurt Neuman. Stars and Principal Players—Bobby Breen, May Robson, Charles Butterworth, Alan Mowbray, Benita Hume. Henry O'Neill, Stymie Beard and Hall Johnson Choir. Director of Photography — Charles Schoenbaum. A.S.C. Art Director — Harry Oliver. Musical Setting — Hugo Riesenfield Adopted from "Toinette's Philip" by Mrs. C. B. Jamison. Screenplay by Earle Snell and William Hurlbut. Sound—Hal Bumbaugh. Costume Supervision—Albert Diano.



"THAT GIRL FROM PARIS" Producer—Pandro S. Berman. Director—Leigh Jason. Stars and Principal Players—Lily Pons. Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Mischa Auer, Frank Jenks, Herman Bing, Lucille Ball, Patricia Wilder, Harry James and Oscar Apsel. Music—Arthur Schwartz and Eddie Heyman. Musical Director—Nathaniel Skilkret. Musical Supervisor—Andre Kostelanetz. Original Story by W. Carey Wonderly, Screen Play—T. J. Wolfson and Dorothy Yost. Costumes—Edward M. Stevenson.

# A LITTLE BIT INDEPENDENT!

That's Katharine Hepburn. Here is a story of the reasons why this volatile actress has insisted upon having her own way in Hollywood.

THE Eternal Poles—the fusion of diametrically opposite characteristics. constitute the unique personality of Katharine Hepburn. She is at the same time, shy, retiring, unassuming, and fiery, dynamic and volatile, a combination which puts her in the good company of many of the world's elect. It also may well be responsible for the superb artistry with which she portrayed the leading role in "Morning Glory," which won her the Motion Picture Academy Award for acting in 1933 and for her work in "Alice Adams," the award for second best performance in 1935.

The history of this unusually vital person has been punctuated by battles that would exhaust a Titan. She has fought every step of the way for her own beliefs, in spite of great odds. She has been known as the girl who walked off stages; the girl who has refused "fat" parts; the girl who insisted upon either acting a scene as she wanted to. or leaving the cast; the girl who okays every script first before she even starts rehearsal for screen plays; as well as the girl who battled like a demon for a certain part on the stage and won, only to fight equally valiantly to get out of a part that she felt would harm her future.

"Judge my acting as strictly as you wish for I base my ambitions on constructive criticism. but don't condemn my personal life or personal characteristics because they are part of myself and do not belong to the public."

This is Katharine Hepburn's ultimatum regarding her career. She feels that the Katharine Hepburn who appears on the silver screen is a figure that the world can love, hate or ignore, as it wills, whose rise and fall the public have the right to dictate according to their taste. But when the personal element enters into publicity and studio politics fire flashes from the dark eyes of the red-haired little actress.

Not all the directors in Hollywood could get Katie, as she is known to the studio, to change her mind in anything that she felt was right regarding the interpretation of a scene or the suitability of a role to her own talents.



KATHERINE HEPBURN

She considers that she alone knows what she can best act in and proceeds to do battle for her own cause, to the dismay of those who feel that she needs caution, advice or (in some cases) complete reformation.

There have been those who have condemned Katharine Hepburn for her tactics. Many have declared she would never "get anywhere" with her method of progress. The answer lies in the box-office, where the receipts bear incontrovertible witness to her popularity and the excellence of her screen performances.

Regarding herself, it is a strange and true fact that she is a shy and nervous individual who hates to meet people and shuns the strain of social life. On the set she is the idol of every grip, cameraman and "juicer" with whom she works. She would rather sit down and have a sandwich and a cup of coffee with one of the stage hands than face the staring crowds in the studio commissary.

When a picture is completed and she feels that it will be a success she rewards those with whom she has worked with little gifts and notes of thanks. One such case is that of Lew Anderson.

who worked on the properties for "Mary of Scotland." After the picture was finished, Katie gave Lew a handsome silver pencil inscribed to him in her own handwriting etched on the silver case, a proof that she, personally, wished to thank him for his tireless efforts in her behalf towards making the picture as good as possible.

An example of her independence began when Katie was a freckled little girl with a mop of amazingly red-brown hair. One of six children she was brought up in Hartford. Conneticut, where two older brothers were her envy and despair, mainly because they were able to do exciting things that were barred to small Katie because "she was a girl."

On one occasion when they had excluded her from participation in some of their activities she went to the nearest barber and had her hair shingled close to her head, then, donning a suit of her brother's clothes, she demanded to be admitted to their games on terms of equality!

This anecdote is perhaps the keynote to Katharine Hepburn's character. Yet her indomitable will is offset by such an appealing *willingness* that the combination breaks down all opposition.

A condensed version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of her childish masterpieces. The only parts portrayed were those of Little Eva. Topsy and a couple of slaves. Miss Hepburn played Topsy and cast a child she did not particularly like as Eva because of a recent argument which "Eva" had won. The slaves were two younger children who could be "managed."

Miss Hepburn had a hazy remembrance that the play closed after the first night, due to discord in the cast!

In plays, even then, she quite definitely had her own way. She was always the star of the production, besides writing, producing and directing the whole thing. If anyone objected to the way she did things, she simply walked out and stayed out until they asked her to come back.

A conclusive method which she still follows.

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### PARAMOUNT PRODUCTIONS



"MAID OF SALEM" Producer—Howard Estabrook. Director—Frank Lloyd. Stars and Principal Players—Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMarray, Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergaard, Loaise Dresser and Edward Ellis. Director of Photography—Leo Tover, A.S.C. Art Direction by—Hans Dreier and Bernard Herzbran. Original Story by Bradley King. Screen Play by Walter Ferris, Brandley King and Darward Grinstead. Sound Recording Gene Merritt and Louis Mesenkop. Costumes—Travis Banton.



"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ" Producer—Harlan Thompson. Director—A. Edward Satherland. Stars and Principal Players—Gladys Swarthoat, Fred MacMarray, Jack Oakie, Veloz and Yolanda, and Gay Bates Post. Director of Photography—William C. Mellor, A.S.C. Special Photographic Effects by Gordon Jennings, A.S.C. and Dew Jennings. Art Direction by Hans Dreier and Ernst Fegte. Original Story—Billy Wilder and H. S. Kraft. Screen Play by—Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Musical Direction—Boris Morros. Interior Decorations—A. E. Freademan.

### MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Paramount will commemorate its founder's Silver Jubilee with an impressive function. Stars of both radio and screen will assist in making it a momentous occasion.

ROUNDING out a quarter century of service to the motion picture industry as a maker of screen entertainment, Mr. Adolph Zukor's Silver Jubilee will be celebrated on the night of his birthday, January 7, 1937, by Paramount Pictures. To commemorate this occasion Paramount has planned a celebration with ramifications reaching into

almost every country of the world.

The highlight of the observance in Hollywood will be the Silver Jubilee dinner to be given at the studio on that evening. The largest available stage on the lot will be utilized for the festivities and the entertainment program will be featured by performances from reigning favorites of both the screen and radio. Preceding the dinner will be a screening of Sara Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth" which Mr. Zukor first exhibited in New York twenty-five years ago, and which is credited with being the forerunner of present day

By way of contrast, one of Paramount's most recent releases, probably "Maid of Salem" will be shown. Hosts for the dinner will be the Paramount Studio Club, and the guest list includes not only stars, producers, directors and executives of today, but many others who during years past have been closely associated with the Paramount founder.

As a feature of the Silver Jubilee season, "Champagne Waltz" starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred McMurray



Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in a scene from "Champagne Waltz" that charming feature of Viennese background, which will be released during the Silver Jubilee season.



ADOLPH ZUKOR

will be given a day and date premiere in all the capitals of the world.

Led by Bob Burns and Gladys Swarthout, the following stars will make personal appearances in the various cities as special features of the several premieres: Ray Milland, Lynne Overman, Marsha Hunt, Eleanore Whitney. William Frawley. Roscoe Karns. Gail Patrick, Martha Raye. Shirley Ross. Mary Carlisle. Dorothy Lamour. Sir Guy Standing, and Robert Cum-

A special sales program for Paramount pictures has also been outlined in observance of the Jubilee Season. Major releases include such stellar attractions as The Plainsman. Maid of Salem, College Holiday, John Mead's Woman, Waikiki Wedding, High Wide and Handsome, Swing High-Swing Low. Souls At Sea, I Met Him In Paris. That's What Girls Are Made Of, and Harold Lloyd's as yet untitled produc-

To houor Mr. Zukor and pay tribute to his outstanding achievements, it is expected that representatives not only of other domestic companies will be present, but also many foreign producers will join in making the occasion one of the greatest ever to be held in the annals of the motion pictures.

The entire industry joins in thanking Mr. Zukor for the noteworthy contributions he has made to the art of the cinema and wishes him many happy returns of the day.

### WARNER BROS.-FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS



"PENROD AND SAM" Director—William McGann. Assistant Director—Drew Eberson. Principal players—Billy Mauch, Frank Craven, Spring Byington. Craig Reynolds. Jackie Morrow. Director of Photography—L. William O'Connell. Dialogue Director—Hugh Cummings. Original Story by Booth Tarkington. Screen Play by Lillie Hayward and Hugh Cummings. Film Editor—Thomas Pratt.



"ANOTHER DAWN" Director—William Dieterle. Assistant Director—Frank Heath. Stars—Kay Francis, lan Hunter, Errol Flynn. Frieda Inescort, Herbert Mundin. Director of Photography—Tony Gaudio. Original Story and Screen Play by Laird Doyle. Art Director—Robert Haas. Unit Manager—Al Alborn,

### "LET'S MAKE IT A

These words sum up the personal philosophy of MERVYN LE ROY, Warner Bros.' premier director, who has to his credit such pictures as "Anthony Adverse" "Five Star Final," "Little Cuesar," and who just finished directing "Three Men on u Horse."

Quiet, persuasive words falling upon the stillness. as Mervyn LeRoy crossed the set where he was directing "Three Men On A Horse." When Warner Bros.' best productions have been under way LeRoy's encouraging "let's make it a good scene" has ever been the key note.

Perhaps these words are responsible for his success for one gets the impression that they represent his personal philosophy, a practical daily creed to make life a "good scene." The stimulating spirit is evident in his relations with those about him. Friendly and courteous, yet he has a noticeably acute power of observation that permits of no substitute for the finest work on the part of those he so ably "directs." No movement in the rehearsal going forward escaped him and it did not take long to realize that he is in every way, an "ace" director.

His history is interesting enough to form the background for a novel in the most approved fictional manner. He is a native Californian, born in San Francisco where his first recollections were of the earthquake when he "fell out of the house three stories, in his bed!" This sufficiently spectacular achievement

GOOD SCENE!"

Menys Le Noy

proved an appropriate harbinger of his future destiny.

Long before his earliest memory his



MERVYN LE ROY

parents lost their money, and their young son, at the tender age of one year, helped to re-build the family fortunes by appearing as a papoose in "The Squaw Man," his mother receiving one dollar for each time he was carried on.

For a while then, his theatrical flight ceased and life flowed uneventfully for several years until the end of his first decade found him embarked in the business of selling newspapers outside the Alcazar Theater, earning "spending money." But he did not stay outside very long. Through the grand old trouper. Theodore Roberts, whose kindly spirit responded to the candid blue eyes of the little boy, young Mervyn was ushered in to the inner holy of holies and emerged—an actor!—engaged to climb a tree and shout. "The Yankees are Coming." in the play of "Barbara Fritchie."

The promising youngster not only climbed the tree, in his excitement he fell out of it in so comical a manner that the audience thought it part of the show and applauded uproariously. Naturally, then, the fall became part of the show and had to be repeated at every performance. This proved to be a blessing in disguise for it raised him to

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MERVYN LE ROY and DICK POWELL

### 20th CENTURY-FOX FILM CORPORATION



"STOWAWAY" Directed by—William A. Seiter. Associate Producers—B.G. De Sylva, Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson. Assistant Director—Earl Haley. Stars and Principal Players—Shirley Temple, Robert Young, Alice Faye, Eugene Pallette, Arthur Treacher and Helen Jerome Eddy. Director of Photography—Arthur Miller A.S.C. Art Direction—William Darling. Original Story—Sam Engel. Screen Play—William Conselman, Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Sound—Eugene Grossman and Roger Heman. Music and Lyrics—Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Musical Direction—Louis Silvers.



"ONE IN A MILLION" Associate Producer—Raymond Griffith. Director—Sidney Lanfield. Stars and Principal Players—Sonja Henie, Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt, Ned Sparks, Don Ameche, Arline Judge and Albert Conti. Photography—Edward Cronjager, A.S.C. Art Direction—Mark-Lee Kirk. Story and Screen Play by Leonard Praskins and Mark Kelly. Music and Lyrics—Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell. Sound—Roger Heman and Arthur von Kirbach. Musical Direction—Louis Silvers. Costumes—Royer. Skating Ensembles Staged by Jack Haskell.

### SKATING TO STARDOM

Sonja Henie, world champion ice-skater, makes her debut in Hollywood and tells her plans for the future.

A N elf from the land of the Vikings, an elf with a pert retroussé nose—flashing brown eyes that sparkle with bubbling merriment and the sheer joy of living—an oval face that radiates health and freshness—and the whole crowned with a nimbus of golden hair—that is Sonja Henie, world queen of the ice, who is now adding to her realm by capturing Hollywood's land of make-believe.

Beautiful she is, exceptionally beautiful even in Hollywood, where beauty abounds. But beauty alone no longer suffices. There must be something more. Personality — charm, of course — but above everything else—ability. And Sonja has them all. While her beauty might well be an heritage from her forbears (Scandinavian with just a dash of Irish to add flavor and elan) she had to learn to dance and to skate. And the facility with which she mastered both these difficult arts is the why of her present conquest in pictures.

If she can act with the same consummate artistry as she can skate, she will be priceless. Priceless not only to her

studio, always in search of fresh material, but priceless to audiences surfeited with sloe-eyed langourous screen sirens whose hothouse beauty is their only asset and who move as if in a constant torpid dream.

For there is no langour about Sonja. She is pep personified. Her eyes scintillate, her dimples twinkle and her hands move in flashing staccato gestures while she talks. Every act, every phase of her being glows with vitality. Which is not unusual in an Olympic champion, at that, but for moving-picture queens it is definitely "something new."

She refused our proffered cigarette with a quick smile: "I do not smoke," she explained, "Because I keep rigid training rules always. Especially now, when I have to skate so much in this. my first picture." She grew enthusiastic about her screen work. "There are lots of dancing numbers on skates," she said, happily, "and they designed some charming costumes for me. I think it will be good—I do hope so. I want to be successful on the screen."



SONJA HENIE

All this was said with the most charming accent imaginable, but quite impossible to reproduce in cold type. "They built a special rink for me to skate on, on the sound-stage." she add
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Miss Henie in a typical pose from one of her dance sequences in the new 20th Century-Fox picture "One in a Million." The complete set as shown was built on a studio sound stage.

### COLUMBIA PICTURES



"INTERLUDE" Producer — Everett Riskin. Directed by—Robert Riskin and Harry Lachman. Starring Grace Moore with Cary Grant, Ailene MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson. Catherine Doucet and Thomas Mitchell. Photography—Joseph Walker. Original Story—Ethel Hill. Screen Play—Robert Riskin. Sound—Lodge Cunningham.



"HELP WAVIED FEMALE" Director—Alfred E. Green. Assistant Director—Sam Nelson. Associate Producer—Everett Riskin. Stars and Principal Players—Jean Arthar, George Brent, Lionel Stander, Ruth Donnelly. Dorothea Kent, Charles Halton and Geraldine Hall. Photography—Henry Freulich, A.S.C. Art Director—Stephen Goosson. Original Story—Ethel Hill and Aben Kandel from "Safara la Manhattan" by Matt Taylor. Screen Play—Dale Van Every and Lynn Starling. Sound—Glen Rominger. Musical Director—Morris Stoloff. Gowns—Bernard Newmun.

### MY TOUGHEST SHOOTING ASSIGNMENT

IT'S difficult to call any picture on which I work in conjunction with Frank Capra "tough" because we agree on so many points that it is a pleasure to turn out a screen story under his direction.

Nevertheless, I can truthfully say that "Lost Horizon" is my toughest shooting assignment for many reasons. In the first place all the other Capra pictures on which I have been photographer have been in natural, simple surroundings. Such stories about ordinary human beings in every-day surroundings not only needed no photographic embellishments but they were definitely out of place. In "Lost Horizon" a different handling of the camera was necessary to give an illusion of reality and also to retain the peculiar tempo of the story itself.

According to the story, "Lost Horizon" concerns the discovery of a lost land high in the Himalayas and of a group of people who have learned how to live

By Joseph Walker

to be hundreds of years old through the teachings of the High Lama.

In photographing such a story, we have had more opportunity for beautiful and unusual photographic effects, logically introduced, than in any of the other pictures we have made. Anyone who has read James Hilton's description of his fantastic Shagri-La will realize that the photographer has his job cut out for him to match those vivid words with equally vivid pictures. Stephen Goosson, the Columbia art director, gave us one of the most beautiful

and effective sets I have seen as a basis to work on. In this case, the beauty of Shagri-La is necessary to the effectiveness of the story. Just how well we have caught it in the camera's eye we will have to leave to the judgment of the public when it is released.

It was necessary to maintain an air of great age and wisdom in the scenic effects, hence, the camera work had to be extremely fine and perfectly focussed. Again, the air in the High Himalayas is extremely rarified and thus a clear and lucid picture had to result to give the outdoor scenes a look of authenticity. This meant careful timing, painstaking camera work and a flawless lens focus.

Most of the scenic shots of "Lost Horizon" were virgin territory so far as motion pictures are concerned. One of the interesting sequences is set in a Tibetan Village in the Valley of the Blue Moon. The Tibetan costumes are unusual in themselves and the primitive existence of these natives in the architecture of their houses, their crude wooden tools, the yaks that take the place of cows, all offered new photographic opportunities that also presented new problems daily to the camera crew.

The snow sequences of the picture also had excellent photographic value and the opening part of the story, showing the uprising in Baskul, in which about a thousand Chinese natives were used, offered opportunity for some exciting crowd shots.

We had a difficult time finding people who approximated the appearance of Tibetans. There are no Tibetans to be found in this country. The nearest racial type are the Eskimos—nearly as scarce. Mexicans, Hawaiians, Filipinos and other nationalities were tested by the hundreds and found to be lacking in the expression and characteristics we

Californ PCL CERP.

JOSEPH WALKER, A.S.C., behind the carema shooting "Lost Horizon." FRANK CAPRA is seated below as he directs a scene,

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# SPOIL & STAR?

THE quietest man in Hollywood, that is Ronald Colman's reputation. When he leaves the studio at the close of a day's work, he drives quite alone, to his Beverly Hills estate and that is the end of him as far as the public is concerned until he makes his next appearance on the sound stage in the morning.

The urge for over-exploitation and super-publicity which has been the life force of Hollywood for so long has never been a factor in this particular actor's life. He believes that too much publicity the same as too many pictures, can negate a star's appeal as surely as too many sundaes can kill one's taste for ice-cream.

On the set he is all business. Quiet, interested and reserved, it is difficult to break through that shell of cool aloofness in which the Colman character is encased. He talks little to those usually about him, but often becomes engrossed in a long and deep conversation with Frank Capra which takes no cognizance of time or place. With pipes going these two converse, an occasional gesture indicating a story being told or a point being made. They are good friends on the set, but after work is over it is



RONALD COLMAN.

doubtful whether Capra and Colman ever see one another. Their regard is a case of mutual admiration: Ronald Colman for the clever director's showmanship; Frank Capra for the actor's superb technique in portraying a part. Besides this, they seem to have a bond in common, in the fact that they are of similar types with corresponding tastes.

It is proof of the esteem in which Capra holds Ronald Colman that he waited a year to get him for the part of the young Englishman, Conway, in "Lost Horizon." Capra felt there was no one else so perfectly suited for the role of the idealistic dreamer who becomes at one with an ageless and mystic country in the high Himalayas, and it is true that the part is "his" quite definitely.

For Ronald Colman is something of a dreamer himself. Aloof, he regards the world with the eyes of a spectator rather

than a participant.

All this leads up to the title of this article: "Do too many pictures spoil a star?" In order to give one's best, according to Ronald Colman, it is necessary for a star of the first magnitude to limit the personal output of pictures to two or three a year. He feels that the public would rather see him on the screen less often, but then in memorable and stirring roles.

The fear of loss of popularity, which is the constant worry of the studios regarding this "few" picture practice is, in his case neither true nor necessary.

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RONALD COLEMAN, star of the long-awaited picture. "LOST HORIZON," plans even fewer pictures in the future in spite of public demand. The reasons for his yearly working schedule are remarkably sound, and, in this article, the real RON-ALD COLMAN expresses himself. Although a quiet. unassuming person, nevertheless, this star has definite ideas concerning story material, and insists upon examining each script thoroughly before he will appear in the picture. "LOST HORIZON" is the picture in which Mr. COLMAN felt he would find his ideal role, and his enthusiasm for the part is reflected by his excellent acting as the idealistic young Englishman.



The lead players in "LOST HORIZON" as they appear in a tense moment during the climax of the picture. RONALD COLMAN. JOHN HOWARD. ISABEL JEWELL, THOMAS MITCHELL and EDWARD EVERETT HORTON are the weary travelers in farthest Tibet. The picture concerns the exciting adventures of a group of people after their plane crashes in the highest mountains of the Himalayas. The discovery of a lost tribe of people and of a civilization untouched by modern life brings in ample opportunity for romance, adventure and thrills.

### RULING THE SOUND WAVES

An exclusive interview which reveals something of Mr. Shearer and his sound technique.

SOUND in motion pictures — what does the term convey to the general mind? Probably not much more than just another aural reaction because in the present highly developed mechanical age marvels are taken for granted. We attend the "movies" and hear all kinds of sounds that are the accompaniment of every day life yet rarely do we stop to consider the means whereby they are brought to us.

Conspicuous contributions to sound technique have been made by Mr. Douglas Shearer who, with his Sound Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios has twice won the Academy Award. Interpreted by him the subject is most vital and dramatic, one which crosses the shadowy borderline of our three-dimensional world and opens vistas of yet another possible contact with the higher spaces.

Since 1925 Mr. Shearer has been wrestling with the difficulties of recording and reproducing by means of vary-



Douglas Shearer



The Shearer Horn developed by him at M-G-M represents an outstanding achievement in sound reproduction. In developing it Mr. Shearer combined elements of his own invention with basic principles already existing in the telephonic field. It is rapidly being adopted by theaters everywhere as stardard equipment.

#### By DOROTHY MEREDITH

ing shadows on film those particular etheric waves which register as sound on the tympanum of the ear. And because he was not primarily an engineer he attacked the arduous question from an original but quite logical angle. Instead of concentrating first on machines he concentrated on the delicate and intricate mechanism of natural aural equipment, with the thought of reproducing sounds in motion pictures so that they would strike the ear in a natural fashion no matter what the auditor's position in relation to the screen.

Therefore he had to consider not only the production, but the reproduction of sound. He envisions the above as a continuous series and not each as separate and unrelated to the rest. "From the time the waves are set in motion by whatever agency, from the time speech leaves the mouth of an actor until it reaches the ears of his auditors, each phase of the entire process depends for its success upon the perfectness of both the preceeding and succeeding phases. Final fidelity of tone is achieved only with unified development of each component part."

Thus in a few brief phrases did Mr. Shearer outline the problems that confronted the industry, and him, when "talkies" first displaced silent pictures.

Difficulties started with the microphone. It simply could not be made to distinguish the relative dramatic values of the sound waves it intercepted. Its sensitive diaphragm has never been supplied with any gadget comparable to that agency of the human mind which, to a great degree, selects for our consciousness only what we want to hear and subordinates about 90 per cent of the ever present but to us, unimportant noises.

First an apparatus was devised that permitted the microphone to travel to all points where the prinicpal sounds were to be picked up. But this did not make it selective, and sounds extraneous to those necessary to the story inevitably obtruded.

For example, in shooting a ball room scene it was found that the conversation of the actors was drowned out by the faithfully recorded scraping of the dancers' feet. What to do? About two-

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### REPUBLIC PICTURES



"RIDERS OF THE WHISTLING SKULL" A Nat Levine Production; Associate Producer, Sol C. Siegel. Directed by Mack Wright. Stars—Robert Livingston, Ray Corrigan, Max Terhune. Principal Players—Mary Russell, Roger Williams, Fern Emmett, Yakima Canutt, Frank Ellis, Chief Thunder Cloud. Director of photography—Jack Marta. Original Story by Bernard McConville and Oliver Drake. Screen Play by Oliver Drake and John Rathmell, based on book by William Colt MacDonald. Supervising Editor — Murray Seldeen. Film Editor — Tony Martinelli. Sound Engineer—Harry Jones. Musical Supervision—Ilarry Grev.

### SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURES



"A STAR IS BORN" Director—William A. Wellman. Assistant Director—Eric Stacey. Stars and Principal Players—Janet Gaynor. Fredric March, Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Andy Devine, Owen Moore, Rex Evans, Peggy Wood, Vince Barnett, Dr. Leonard Walker. Director of Photography—Howard Greene. Art Director—Lyle Wheeler. Sound—Oscar Lagerstrom. Color Designer—Lansing C. Holden. Wardrobe—Helen Wilson. Property—Robert Landers. Grip—Fred Williams.

### THE WAY OF LANCER IN PICTURES

Rich and Bolodawsho

W HILE the cameras turned through the final stages of shooting "The Garden of Allah," Director Richard Boleslawski reached the conclusion of his first experience with color photography, an experience, he feels, which more than justifies harder work and deeper study than ever before has been demanded of him.

The man who stood behind the firing line in the making of such fine pictures as "Les Miserables" and "Men in White" is of the type that looks ever forward. Time to him is a swiftly rushing torrent, each speeding moment to be used to the fullest before it races into the sea of the Past.

It explains, in a measure, why he has written such books as "Way of a Lancer" and "Lances Down," and is now writing "Escape of a Lancer" to complete a trilogy. It explains why his home contains a workshop, from which pass in the artistry of his own hands, unique articles of furniture, pewter and silverware.

As a Polish cavalry officer, as a director of the Moscow Art Theater, as ballet director and choreographer. Boles-(Turn to page 65)

RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI



Above: A desert luncheon enjoyed during the filming of "The Gurden of Allah" on location in the desert near Yuma, Arizona. Charles Boyer, Director Richard Boles-lawski, Joseph Schildkraut and Marlene Dietrich.

Left: RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI directs MARLENE DIETRICH and JOHN CARRADINE in a scene for "The Garden of Allah." The set is an interior of the huge tent on the location in Yuna where most of the picture, filmed in Technicolor. was made.

### DESTINED TO SING

#### By FENYMORE HOWARD

What would your choice be? Read the Casting Contest story and let us know whom you would cast in each character role, if you were casting director. For Contest Rules turn to page 74.

Pictured below are MAY ROBSON, ALICE BRADY, MARY BOLAND, RUTH DONNELLY, SPRING BYINGTON, HELEN BRODERICK and BILLIE BURKE. In your opinion would any of these character actresses of the screen be suited for the role of the mother of DICK CARYLYLE; MRS. RICHARD CARLYLE? Pictures of other leading players who might be cast as characters in the story will follow. Watch for them.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Dick Carlyle, a gifted young American had steadily refused to go to Italy to study singing, giving as his reason that he would not leave "my Joan Preston. In order to make him, of his own accord, embark upon what she and his parents believed to be the most important thing in his life, namely, the cultivation of his splendid voice, Joan pretended to be in love with Homer Wallace, a schoolmate. When Dick felt that she was no longer interested in him he decided to go to Italy with Maestro Ciarpini. Up to the last moment he expected that Joan would capitulate and when she did not appear to see him off, his disappointment was so acute that to hide it he gave way to Ciarpini's plans and, at first with indifference, allowed himself to be beguiled into taking part in shipboard activities.

I N the last few minutes of curious hiatus that inevitably preceed leaving home on a long voyage, Dick Carlyle paced his room. The phone rang often and each time he rushed to pick up the receiver only to find that it was just one of his many friends calling to wish him "bon voyage."

Where in the world can Joan be?" was the question that weighed on his mind and superimposed itself upon every other thought. "Why doesn't she come? What can have kept her? No message—gone up to the cabin with Wallace—it doesn't seem possible—"

"Mother," he called peremptorily, "do you think Mrs. Preston was *sure* about where Joan went? I can't understand it. I can't sail without seeing—my girl."

A light, though slightly forced laugh answered him. "Well, dear, even your girl is—just another girl, you know. I have no doubt she left with every intention of getting back in time, she must have wanted to see you off, but Homer Wallace has a way with him, they say, and lately Joan hasn't seemed to mind his infatuation. And anyway, some perfectly simple thing may have come up to delay them."

"Then why in thunder doesn't she telephone?" demanded Dick, his attractive face lined with worry and perplexity.

"She has probably gone straight down to the pier," suggested Mrs. Carlyle.

But no Joan awaited them. Dick's room was



full of friends, all slightly lightheaded from the potency of the many farewell cocktails.

"Say, it's funny Joan Preston isn't here." someone remarked in a low tone. "Did they have a row?"

"I don't know; but Wallace has been rushing her like nobody's business," came an equally quiet reply.

"I'd hate to see them break up; he's a swell guy and Lord! what a voice! And she's a grand kid, too," another whisperer chimed in.

The steward offered Mrs. Carlyle her wraps as the loud cry, "All ashore!" fell like a knell upon Dick's partly drugged senses. "All ashore!" "All ashore!"

"Well, old man, I guess that means us too! Come along, my dear," said Mr. Carlyle, addressing son and wife at the same time. He put an arm round his son's broad shoulder and the three of them attended by a wildly hilarious party, made their way to the main deck.

"All ashore!" The cry was more insistent, rising above the chorus of "Have a good time!" "We'll be seeing you!" "Bon voyage!" "Be sure to drop us a line!" all the mad confusion of good-byes both grave and gay. Dick scarcely knew what he said to his parents but as they started away down the gangplank he leaned over the rail and his eyes wildly scanned the mass of upturned faces on the pier. Long ribbons of serpentine were flung in all directions and soon the American equivalent of a lei was festooned in bright colors around his neck, the arc-lighted air quivered with the ceaseless vibrations of the fragile paper tape as it hung between the great ship and the dock. The whistle's shrill signal blew and slowly the liner got under way. Barely moving, at first, so that the crowd easily kept pace as there was a general movement towards the end of the pier for ever a last goodbye. Again the whistle's piercing shriek and Dick's throat contracted painfully. A hoarse sob tore through his set teeth as he realized that Joan Preston was not there; she had not come down to say good-bye. Savagely, he dragged the loops of serpentine from his neck and turned to go below. But Signor Ciarpini had been well advised by Mrs. Carlyle and before Dick knew what was afoot he found himself being introduced to a gay group of young people who were to be his fellow passengers.

(Turn to Next Page)

"Courage my son," admonished Ciarpini, "What is one girl? You are bound for a land where only the music is more beautiful than the women.'

"All right, sir. Let's forget it." was

the gruff rejoinder.

"That is good. And you will see! There will be a letter from your Joan as soon as we get to Naples, explaining everything. Some little mishap—a flat tire even-you must not fret.

Dick felt so utterly miserable and disappointed that he threw himself madly into the gaiety with a forced abandon that deceived everyone.

As this was not his first ocean trip he knew care-free shipboard routine pretty well and was soon busily engaged in the daily round of eating, drinking, playing and innumerable flirtations. Several charming Italian maidens. homeward bound, found it delightful to instruct him in the fundamentals of their delightful language and Signor Ciarpini was much amused when his protege greeted him with a ceremonious, "Buono giorno, Excellency! I'd like to say more in Italian but the things Miss Zaratelli taught me under the moon don't seem to fit in with your breakfast!"

"Quite as it should be." laughed the Maestro, who possessed the priceless gift of remembering his own youth. "You are an apt pupil."

"Tante grazie, Signor." replied Dick. with a sweeping bow. Then, he winked at the steward, and "How am I doin', hi. hi!" he impishly added in a vernacular that had proved quite beyond Ciarpini.

But there were some bad moments thinking of Joan and he started several loving letters to her. These, in his hurt pride, he would again madly tear to shreds, promising himself only to send one when he should have heard from

The days flew by and early one morning the ship came to rest in her own Bay of Naples. From the deck, Dick's artistic soul bathed in the soft beauty of the panorama that stretched before him. Vesuvius, outlined against the clearest sky of a blue that was indeed "heavenly;" its dazzling color rendered more vivid by the grey cloud of slowmoving smoke floating like a dim halo above the old volcano's rugged crest, was a picture that caused him to take in great, sobbing breaths and his eyes misted over. All unconscious of the bustle around him he started to sing in a low. glad voice and among the hurrying passengers there were many who paused to listen with admiration to the vibrant

He and Maestro Ciarpini were met by his father's Italian representative, Signor di Achillo, an elderly man of distinguished appearance who had visited the Carlyles a few years previously. An expensive car with long, voluptuous lines quickly took them to the hotel. Later, it returned to take them out to the di Achillo residence for dinner. Here they found a home reflecting all the color and atmosphere of culture and artistic background. Instead of the American custom of cocktails, a butler who was the acme of perfection, served choice, dry sherry before the party adjourned to the dining room. Dick noted with appreciation the faultless appointments that made the dinner table in itself a work of art but he soon forgot such mundane considerations in conversation with Maria di Achillo, the lovely young daughter of the house.

The talk becoming general turned upon the visitors' plans. Armini, heir to the family fortunes and about Dick's own age, was particularly interested and broke in on Signor Ciarpini with an enthusiastic suggestion that the younger man accompany him on a motor trip he intended to take. It would, he explained, enable Mr. Carlyle to see something of Northern Italy, to enjoy the musical festivals presented during the month and to learn more of the spirit of song that animates Italians, making music-song —as natural as breathing with them, be they artistocrat or peasant.

During the evening it was decided that their tour commence within the

A few days later Dick swung down the broad steps of the hotel and joined Armini di Achillo, who was waiting beside what was the last word in Italian sport roadsters. His polite, "Come va. mi amici," was drowned by Dick's exuberant, "Hello, old top, let's go!" Then. as he got in, "Say! This car's a honey, isn't it!

Armini looked puzzled. "It is an Isotta-Fraschini." he replied, in his precise English.

"Yes—a honey," cried Dick with a laugh. "Don't mind my Americanese. Armini. You'll soon get used to it.'

"You had a 'whale' of a time crossing. called my new golf clubs 'the berries' and my car 'a honey!' But I begin to understand," said the Italian politely. "When you like something you give it another name, am I right?

"Right you are," returned Dick heartily, as they threaded the picturesque streets of the old town with effortless smoothness.

They drove due north through country that fascinated Dick Carlyle because it was so utterly different from the rolling hills and gentle landscape surrounding his home. A night spent in a small inn delighted him and to his new friend's amusement he described the old place with its almost medieval ways, as

"novel, if you know what I mean. So old that it's new.

The beauty of some of the small towns and villages amazed him but even more than the places, the people—peasants—and there is a romantic flavor about that word, intrigued him so that both his American and Italian superlatives quite failed to express his wonder and pleasure.

Involuntarily responding to the stimulus of powerful aesthetic appreciation. he turned his eyes to the distant mountains and began to sing. Lost in the pure joy of adequate self-expression his clear tones rang out in the fair, fresh air and he did not notice that Armini had halted beside the road, nor that some peasants praying before a simple shrine, were gazing at him costatically.

But suddenly, "O, say," he exclaimed. "Am I making a fool of myself. and how! But I can't help it, di Achillo. It is an irresistible force that makes mc sing."

"But you sing like a god," cried the other. "And as we Italians do. when we are glad-and why not? It is natural to sing when the heart is gay.'

"I got it all razzed out of me at school," said Dick. "The fellows thought I was being 'ritzy;' you know, affected, and all that."

Armini shrugged expressively and threw the car into gear.

On they drove, the country becoming more rugged, the scene dominated by the lofty Appenines, then a rapid change to the flat lands that surround Milan. Scarcely condescending to stop for more than a cursory glance at that city's famous Fair, Armini hurried on, his destination the lovely village of Santa Maria. on the slopes above Lake Como amid scenery immortalized by Pliny. Herc. they got somewhat primitive accomodations at the small hotel; quickly washcd and changed into the most informal of clothing and started out, "to do the town," as Dick said.

With native impulsiveness Armini could not wait to show his guest the fascinating pageants that marked the festival. They wandered through cool. narrow streets, looked at shops full of devotional emblems and of tall votive candles gaily spangled with gold and painted with flower wreaths. Every aspect was enchanting and soon they came in view of the white domes and arches of the Sanctuary.

This church of Santa Maria Delle Grazie proved an artistic gem and Dick's heart throbbed as he revelled in the harmony of form and color that emphasized the exquisitely decorative design of the frescoes for which the little church is renowned. So moved was he that suddenly he wanted Joan to share

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### MAJOR PICTURES CORPORATION



"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS" Producer—Emanuel Cohen. Director—Norman McLeod. Stars and Principal Players—Charles Ruggles, Alice Brady, Lyle Talbot, Jack Larue, Bennie Baker, Frankie Darro, Gene Lockhart. Director of Photography—Robert Pillack. Art Director—Wiard Ihnen. Original Story by John Francis Larkin. Screen Play—Dave Schary. Film Editor—George McGuire. Sound—Hugo Gensbach.

### SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS



"BELOVED ENEMY" Producer—George Haight. Director—David Hertz. Stars and Principal Players—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Karen Morley, Jerome Cowan, David Niven, Henry Stevenson. Director of Photography—Gregg Toland, A.S.C. Musical Director—Alfred Newman. Costumes—Omar Kiam. Sound—Oscar Lagerstrom. Art Director—Richard Day. Set Director—Julia Heron. Film Editor—Sherman Todd. Location Director—Harry Perry. Assistant Director—Eddie Bernouldy.

# MY LIFE STORY

RУ

Mun Martin.

The personal history to date of a worldrenowned tenor, now appearing in the Pickford-Lasky production, "The Gay Desperado."

NOWADAYS, when I permit my thoughts to drift back over the past, I pinch myself to make certain that I am not slumbering through a beautiful impossible dream! Truly, I must have been born beneath a lucky star!

Checking my accomplishments as my thirty-first birthday rolls by, I find that I am credited with having conquered five separate and distinct markets for my voice: grand opera, radio, the concert stage, phonograph records and last, but by no means least, motion pictures. Yet no one is more surprised at the success that has come my way than I myself!

To the Fate that has seen fit to smile upon me I am grateful from the bottom of my heart!

The satellite that has guided my life, however, has not always shone so brilliantly. In fact, as a child in Verona, Italy, where I was born. I often used to wonder whether I would ever be able to carve a name for myself in the years that lay ahead.

By the time I was six years old, my father, who was custodian of the legendary tomb of Shapespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet at Verona, decided that I should be a civil engineer when I grew up. My mother was equally insistent that I turn to the priesthood. As for my own views in the matter, I was too busy roaming the gardens and woods and learning to ride a horse to give the matter any thought.

My father had a hard time keeping



Nino Martini and Leo Cabrillo with others in an amusing scene from "The Gay Desperado."



NINO MARTINI

the family purse filled, since there were three children besides myself needing food, clothing and education.

I knew no unhappiness until I enrolled in school and heard other children singing in the operettas and plays that make up a large part of the curriculum of every Italian school. It was then I decided that I wanted to be a singer when I grew up; and it was then, too, that I suffered my first heart-break. My teacher refused to assign singing roles to me because, he told me, I had no voice! Since he had never allowed me to sing, I thought bitterly—how did he know?

Another year and another blow! My father's death left my brave mother to care for her brood, a hard struggle. It made me more determined than ever to become a great singer and ease the burden that was hers.

After school hours I would wander off into the woods behind the Romeo and Juliet tomb, until I had penetrated to a point where I felt certain I was quite alone; then I would lift my voice in song, very softly at first, but gradually letting it out as I became more confident.

One day, the choirmaster of San Fermo's church, strolling among the trees, heard me, rushed up to where I was standing and embraced me: "You have a God-given voice," he cried, "and you are destined to become a great star of the opera!"

I was sixteen years old at that time, and I do believe that was the happiest moment of my life!

The kindly choirmaster then took me in hand, gave me a place in the choir and began the development of my voice, slowly and carefully so as to not strain it through overwork at too tender an

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### A PRACTICAL VISION

### AS EXPOUNDED BY GEORGE CUKOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: When a man of the caliber of George Cukor outlines a practical vision pertaining to the motion picture industry, it is indeed the time to stop, look and listen. To fully realize this, one needs only to survey briefly his brilliant career, which first jound him one of New York's outstanding stage directors, a field which he abandoned in 1629 in javor of motion pictures. Under the David O. Selznick banner, Cukor has become one of filmland's directorial aces, with such pictures to his credit as "Dinner at Eight," "Little Women" and "David Copperfield." "Elittle Women" and "David Copperfield," then the "bravos" began to sound for Cukor's direction of "Romeo and Juliet" at M-G-M, for which the director was loaned by Selznick International. Present assignment for the capable Cukor is "Camille," with Greta Garbo. In Cukor is found a combination of the artist, visionary and practical worker.

THROUGH its editorials, the INSID-ER advocates the establishment of some organization through which talented youngsters and screen players could display and improve their abilities. When recently we read of Mr. Cukor's ideas, released through Selznick International, we were gratified to find that be also is interested in the development of some similar medium. In a very stimulating interview he gave us some of his views.

From observation and bitter experience he has reached the conclusion that a training school for prospective actors should be organized within the motion picture industry. Such a school would early show whether the aspiring student really had talent and the persistence necessary for satisfactory development and it would also be a reliable source from which the studios could select trained players.

Mr. Cukor's delightful, unaccented English is a joy. Enthusiastic and vital he sat cross-legged on a divan while he spoke with vigor and earnestness of a project to which he has evidently given much careful consideration.

"At present, nearly all motion picture aspirants lack two essential qualities — correct speech and 'audience training.'

"For instance, there was a girl on the set this morning whose appearance in face and figure was admirable but when she spoke, her voice was hopelessly flat and raucus." (our ineffective words fail to take the place of his inimitable mimicry) "so of course, we couldn't use her."



GEORGE CUKOR

Too bad! In her case youth and beauty were not enough.

With graphic gestures Mr. Cukor went on. "It often happens that in seeking new talent or change in cast, we carefully pick out a certain type of player only to find that his or her speech is commonplace and toneless, so we have to fall back on our good old character actors who have had stage training. What sball we do when this source gives out, as in time inevitably it must? Where are we going to get proficient players to take their places?"

Where, indeed?

To date there has been no coordinated effort to meet this contingency.

A real artist who has experienced the thrill of swaying crowds, reaches greater emotional heights when stimulated by the demands they sub-consciously make. Untrained, inexperienced individuals, on the other hand, even though they may not forget their lines, nor fall over their own feet, are inhibited rather than not, by the knowledge that there are people watching and listening to them.

The best remedy for both defects is good stock training and plenty of it. Students should learn to act by acting, not by theory. They should early realize that neither influence nor good looks will get them further than an interview

with the director, that is if a motion picture career is what they are after.

"In no field of endeavor is there hardcr work entailed than in learning and playing dozens of different parts but the poise and confidence that being able to do this always gives, is of inestimable value to anyone who would get very far either in the theatre or the movies."

Mr. Cukor's observations bave their roots in a career as one of New York's ace stage directors, prior to the time he entered the motion picture field. and rose quickly to the top under the David O. Selznick banner. His notable New York productions include "The Great Gadsby" and "The Dark." with Elsie Ferguson and Basil Ratbbone; "Her Cardboard Lover," with Jeanne Eagels; "The Constant Wife." with Ethel Barrymore, and a number of others equally important. Cukor has been affiliated with Edgar Selwyn. the Shuberts. Gilbert Miller and the Charles Frohman Company.

He outlined only too briefly the basis upon which he considered a Motion Picture Industry School of Acting could most effectively be developed.

First, there would have to be active cooperation between the studios. For them the proposed school would be a sort of clearing house and all would benefit by the trained talent constantly available. A director from each major studio would be asked to serve on the Board in a more or less advisory capacity, the actual work of training the students to be done by people who have demonstrated their ability to teach elocution, dramatic art and so forth. And. what is extremely important in any enterprise, the business direction should be in the hands of a thoroughly competent manager. The real experience, after voice, stage presence and so forth were acquired, would be gained in a series of stock companies where players are continually called upon to portray types the most diverse possible. Thus, by practice, not only would flexible yet perfectly controlled tones of voice be attained but that other requisite. audience training, would painlessly be absorbed at the same time.

With this opportunity ambitious youngsters would have a chance. Any-

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# THEN and NOW







Left: Marlene Dietrich as she appears now, and as she looked before the seeds of glamour were sown. Right: Bing Crosby ready to boo-boo-boo-oo-o; and the same, at an earlier age. Even then he seems to have been a favorite with the ladies.





Left: Guy Kibbee in a typical pose, with inset showing him a willing passenger in his own goat cart, rather than an unwilling one on a tractor, as he appeared in a recent picture. Right: The years have merely enhanced the charm and attractiveness of Jayne Regom.







Left: Stately Anita Louise as she is today, and the hoydenish youngster she was — some years ago. Right: One might wonder ij George Brent remembers when this picture was taken, with him in his first high chair.







# REMEMBER



Names that were names to conjure with even in those days—those of Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and seated, D. W. Griffith, who are shown at the signing of a contract at the Sunset Studios, February 5, 1919. Standing between Mary and Charlie are the attorneys.





Left: Ballyhooing for Tallys, one of the first places in Los Angeles where motion pictures were shown. Right: Making the motion picture prologue for the play "KISMET," starring Otis Skinner. The picture was made on the RKO lot in 1921.





Left: A picture of Tallys New Broadway taken in 1906. Note the "Roosevelt in Africa" advertisement over the box office. Right: The birth of the movies. Here is shown the interior of a phonograph parlor in San Antonio, Texas where was installed one of the first Kinetoscopes ever used commercially in America. The year was 1893.

# WHEN?



Conferring about "Dogs Life," the first picture to be made and shown on the First National circuit. The time—1917.





Left: Claire Windsor and Hobart Bosworth playing in Marshall Neilan's "THE STRANGERS BANQUET." Right: Another scene from the same picture, subtitle: "Nor was the mad dog mad." This time with Claire Windsor and Ford Sterling.





Left: Wesley Berry gets a bit rough with Lucille Rixon in "THE RENDEZVOUS" Goldwyn feature, vintage 1918. Right: On location in "BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER." The star—James Kirkwood. The place—Glacier Park, Montana.

### AN INTRODUCTION TO MAKE-UP

By MAX FACTOR

I HAVE never used make-up before: please help me to get off to the right start."

There seems to be no age-limit to this plea. It comes from young girls who rejoice that they have finally reached the age where they may dramatize their youthful charms . . . and from matrons whose natural inhibitions against makeup are conquered by seeing its miraculous work in retrieving lost appeal.

Those girls and women who are wise enough to realize the necessity of a good beginning are indeed fortunate — for



Dust powder on generously at first, then clear away alt the surplus with a powder brush. Powder the nose last to avoid getting it too white.



Have hips perfectly dry before beginning to apply the lipstick. Then follow the natural contour of the upper lip with the coloring.

then make-up will not disappoint them. But those whose introduction to make-up is haphazard and thoughtless encounter a handicap which is difficult to surmount.

Let us first make this understood: Almost all of your glamorous screen favorites use all the various items of make-up. By these we mean powder, rouge, lipstick, eye make-up and such. The trick lies in knowing that clever minimum which breeds naturalness... that light, deft touch by which make-up is unnoticeable, yet effective in enhancing facial charm.

Efficiency in applying make-up is not acquired accidentally. It takes constant. thoughtful practice and experimentation. You must have a definite goal in mind, and your approach toward it should be well-planned. Remember that the rules which we may now set forth are useless without patience and perseverance.

Using Rouge

Rouge is an excellent starter. If you learn how to use it correctly you will have mastered one of your greatest difficulties. Every beginner's tendency is to apply too much. That is one of the (Turn to Page 52)



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# A CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL CURTIZ

A personal interview with the man who directed "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as well as "Front Page Woman" "The Walking Dead" "Captain Blood," "British Agent," and "Black Fury." Here is a story of an interesting character, who is one of the most versatile directors in the Industry.

I T would be difficult to catch the engaging Austrian accent of Michael Curtiz on paper. It would also be difficult to draw a word-picture of the man himself. but a few sentences will help to place his portrait in your mind.

Mr. Curtiz' claim to fame in Hollywood may have nothing to do with his manner of speech, nor with the deep coat of tan on his face, nor with the amazing checkered shirts that he sometimes wears, nor with his riding boots that usually need polishing. But it does concern the terrific amount of energy he expends during the making of a picture. And all of these things are so definitely a part of the man himself that they become important in any story about him.

When it comes to handling action in the mass there is no better director than Michael Curtiz; few men know as much about tempo as he does. Few men know how to use technique to cover deficiencies in plot, actors or sets, so well as he. In a sense, he is an opportunist. If he goes on location and the weather is bad, he changes the scene to suit the weather. He did this time and time again on "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and saved his company a great deal of money.

There was one scene of a horse-buying expedition filmed at Lone Pine that



MICHAEL CURTIZ

illustrates this. The script called for a fine, sunny day. The day was neither fine nor sunny; up on Mount Whitney a snow storm was raging and a bitter wind swept across the location scene. Mr. Curtiz did not send his troupe home. He set up some wind machines and filmed the scene through a sand storm, making one of the most exciting and realistic sequences in the picture by taking advantage of an opportunity that would have been wasted in the hands of a person less alert.

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Art director JOHNNY HUGHES submits a miniature set for the picture, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" prior to building it. Director MICHAEL CURTIZ on the left, approves, as does SOL POLITO, cameraman, on the right.

### LIFE BEGINS AT DAWN

Movie star must begin make-up early to be ready when the director says: "Turn 'em Over."





Ann Shirley, star of "Make Way for a Lady" new R.K.O. feature, having her hair dried the new high speed way.

DOWN through the mists of a Southern California dawn, from her retreat in the Hollywood Hills, above the rolling sea shore, or on the palmflecked desert comes the glamourous movie star, heading for her day's work.

But not so glamourous at this ethereal hour of the day, because she is bound for work, either at the studio or on location, and duty demands that she appear gowned and fully made up at an hour which would actually amaze those unfamiliar with motion picture work.

Haven't we all been told that our favorite star lolls abed until her temperament dictates that she is ready to have the cameras focussed on her celestial self? That she and she alone is the arbiter of her time.

That might have been so once—but alas for her—no longer. The star now arranges her time to suit studio schedules, and that means early on the set. In fact, some times, as early as six a.m..

especially so when the make-up and the hair-dressing departments must change a 20th Century miss to a Louis XIV lady-in-waiting—or perform some such similar transformation.

Therefore, those departments are our heroine's first stop. And when we say that she might be closeted there for from an hour and a half to two hours we are putting it conservatively. In the studios, more even than in any other business establishment, time is the essence of all things. The chief problem therefore that Mel Burns and his staff of make-up artists at R.K.O. have to contend with, is to save time. And here we witness another marvel of the age. Well we know from our own experience how long we must sit under a blustery hair dryer before our dinky little curls, twists and whatnots are dry enough so that they can be made to behave. And it used to be the same in the studios, in the past. Even the stars had to take the necessary time before their glorious

coiffures would be ready to photograph.

But we repeat, that was in the past, and the not too distant past either, for it is only in recent months that the long sought high speed hair dryers have been perfected, and needless to say, the studios have been installing them as fast as they could be obtained. With the installation of this new type of dryer, fully forty-five minutes has been cut from the period necessary to satisfactorily dry the hair.

Consequently the favorites of cinemaland are able to linger a little longer abed, and to say they are grateful is to put it mildly. We'll let you in on something too. Doubtless it won't be long before your pet beauty shop installs one of these same high speed efficient machines. Because in the matter of beauty customs and styles. as goes Hollywood. so goes the nation. And then no more explanations will be necessary to your boss as to why you took two hours off for "lunch."



The "smile of satisfaction" as Martha Acker, one of R.K.O.'s operators finishes Miss Shirley's glorious tresses. The utmost in speed with ultimate of comfort is the new studio slogan.

# SHORT AND CURLY

IS THE HAIR MODE



Upper Pictures—SWIRLS AND CURLS—are the smart thing in Hollywood hairdresses. Gail Patrick, Paramount player in "Preview." wears her shining raven tresses in this flattering arrangement designed and executed by Babe Carey, Paramount hairdresser. The off-the-ear line is an important note and the fact that the ringlets are intentionally left un-combed is a point of interest.

Lower—Left to Right—Flat curls worn high for the slender face of KAREN MORLEY. It's the new up-trend epitomized in the latest hair styles from Hollywood. Two clusters of white rosebuds catch the topknots of curls as shown in the perky hair style worn by SIMONE SIMON. BINNIE BARNES prefers pin curls on the sides as well as in the back of her hair.

A FTER the sun and wind of summer have had their way the informal hairdresses of that fleeting season, there is a definite problem of "what to do?" with the sun-scorched locks that are usually of an odd length and difficult to handle. After oil shampoos and massage has restored the sheen, hair stylists predict a session with the scissors, after which spray-like curls will form ringlets at the backs of necks and march across many a forehead. With the addition of flowers or jewelled ornaments milady is ready for the social

cason, fortified with a hairdress of glossy curls and closely-cut coiffure.

An amazing array of little Chinese, Japanese and Persian combs are already being shown in the better shops for the embellishment of Winter coiffures. How to use combs in a short hairdress? Simple! Pull the hair back from the temples and fasten it with a tiny comb on each side. It will hold a spray of curls or a roll in place beautifully as well as sparkle enchantingly for evening wear.

To take the place of coronet braids.

here in Hollywood the hair stylists have cvolved a new and charming substitute. A flat, well-brushed crown is circled by a halo of flat, loose curls. It's a lovely style for blondes, especially, as the shiningly smooth top of the head is delightfully ringed by the flat and stylized ringlets.

The accompanying pictures on this page best illustrate the "short and curly" edict, so have your hairdresser design a style to suit your requirements—and be in the mode!





WALTER PLUNKETT, famous stylist and creator of motion picture costumes, answers this important question in a personal interview.

Carrier The answer is yes!" Walter Plunkett was referring to the above question in making his statement. This man, who is young, good-looking and charming, is responsible for a great many style changes in the past few years. Working as he does both in New York and Hollywood, his fashion opinions bear definite weight, due to the fact that he is in constant demand by the most famous manufacturers of women's clothes as well as the studios themselves.

If there were a visible traffic lane from New York to Hollywood in the air, it would be worn quite smooth by the passage of Mr.

> Plunkett, who dashes from one center to the other with an occasional trip to Paris, since he is almost required to be in about three places at once.

This winter, according to Mr. Plunkett, one sees some interesting changes in women's dress. Many of these changes are directly due to Mr. Plunkett's costumes for his two recent pictures. "Mary of Scotland" in which Katharine Hepburn plays the tragic queen, was entirely costumed by Plunkett.

Likewise the newer Hepburn picture. "The Woman Rebels," which had some magnificent gowns worn by the star as well as by Elizabeth Allen.

From the "Mary of Scotland" influence comes a high-shoulder treatment which is seen in the costumes of the

(Turn to Page 62)









# IN THE WEST...IT'S Timely!

### ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING STORES

ALHAMBRA
Woodruff's
ANAHEIM
Youngbluth's
AVENAL
Avenal Dept. Store

BRAWLEY
The Palmer Co.
BAKERSFIELD
Harrison's

BURBANK
The Toggery
BURLINGAME
Forsythe & Simpson

BERKELEY
Wallace & Wallace

Wallace & Wallace

CALEXICO

lames H. Otter

COALINGA

Halliburtons

COMPTON

Kimball's

CHICO

Donohues
CARMEL
Charmak & Chandler

**DINUBA** lack Ambrose

EL CENTRO
M. O. King Co.
EAGLE ROCK
Art Roberts
EXETER
Schelling's
EUREKA

I. M. Hutcheson

FILLMORE

Champ C. Cochran

GLENDALE
Wilson's
GUSTINE
L. C. Lee
GILROY
B. Rocca Co.

HOLLYWOOD Schwab's HEMET Harvey Larson HUNTINGTON BEACH lack Robertson HUNTINGTON PARK Tate-Puls HANFORD

Tarr's
HOLLISTER
H. A. Schulze
INGLEWOOD
Dick Wilson's Store

for Men

LEMOORE
Lloyd Coats
LONG BEACH

Middough-Meier

LOMPOC
Wilson-Foster
MODESTO
E. R. Hawke Co.
MERCED
The Wardrobe
MONTEREY
Charmak & Chandler
MARTINEZ
Jameson & Kiraly

NORTH HOLLYWOOD Woodruff's

ONTARIO
Fallis Bros.
ORANGE
P. C. Pinson & Son
OCEANSIDE
Ed C. Pogue
OXNARD
Diener's
ORLAND
Carl B. Hoag
OAKLAND

Leon Woolsey
PORTERVILLE
Bremler's
POMONA
John P. Evans
PASADENA
Hotaling's
PUENTE
Mack's Sport Shop
PASO ROBLES

PASO ROBLES
Paso Robles Merc. Co.
PETALUMA
Mattei Bros.
PITTSBURGH
Art Bernstein

Art Bernstein
PALO ALTO
Wideman & Son
REDLANDS
Fred C. Fowler

RIVERSIDE
McGrath-Olson
RICHMOND
McRacken's
SAN DIEGO
The Marston Co.
SANTA MONICA
Campbell's
SAN FERNANDO
Cohen's

SANTA BARBARA
The Great Wardrobe
SAN BERNARDINO
The Harris Co.
SAN PEDRO
Lippman's

SANTA MARIA Rowan & Green SANTA ANA Swanberger's SAN LUIS OBISPO Wickenden's SANTA CRUZ Rittenhouse Bros. SALINAS Wickenden's SUSANVILLE

SUSANVILLE
Wemples
SAN RAFAEL
Alberts, Inc.
SAN MATEO
Loewe & Zwierlein
SAN FRANCISCO

O'Connor Moffat SANTA ROSA Keegan Bros. STOCKTON
Bravo & McKeegan
SACRAMENTO
Martin & Gualco
SAN JOSE
J. S. Williams Co.
TULARE
Patterson & Rose
TORRANCE
Ed Schwartz

VENTURA
Brigham & Beaman
VAN NUYS
Moore's

VISALIA
Schelling's
VALLEJO
Bernheim & Myers
WILMINGTON
Cherin's
WEST LOS ANGELES
J. H. Lund
WHITTIER
Wright's
WESTWOOD

WESTWOOD Morgan-Green HONOLULU McInerny's ARIZONA
FLAGSTAFF
Babbitt's Mens Shop
PRESCOTT
Bashford-Burmister
PHOENIX
Herb Bland
TUCSON
Dave Bloom
NOGALES
Capin's
KINGMAN
Central Commercial Co.



### MULLEN & BLUETT

Broadway at Sixth

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the latest things in topcoat design. A friend you can count on for warmth and cheer — at any time and in every clime. A friend you can "use" — even abuse — without a line of complaint. Climateer is a year-round-weight topcoating, soft, lustrous, water-resistant. None will ever do more for you and ask so little in return. • From the looms of Kenwood Mills exclusively for TIMELY CLOTHES — which means fabric and tailoring par excellence, and a clothes-value that is paramount!



topeoat. A friend to be proud of - for Climateer knows and shows all

## FORMAL ATTIRE FOR

### FORMAL DAY WEAR

#### COATS:

Oxford gray or black jacket, single or doublebreasted, or finished or unfinished worsted of plain weave.

#### WAISTCOAT:

Single or double-breasted to match jacket; or washable or finished material, white, buff or gray.

#### TROUSERS:

Black and white stripes, solid gray, gray diagonal or black and white shepherd's checks.

#### SHIRTS

Stiff or pleated bosom of white or pale solid color, white fold collar, white wing collar, white double cuffs.

#### NECKTIE:

Four-in-hand, Ascot or bow in plain color.

#### HOSE:

Black silk or lisle, plain, or with white or black clocks.

#### BOOTS:

Black calf with dull finish, dark brown calf, plain, with plain toe caps.

#### HAT:

High silk, derby, gray, black or midnight blue Homburg.

#### GLOVES:

White, gray or baff, matching waistcoat.

#### MUFFLER:

White or gray figured silk scarf. White handkerchief.



FRANCHOT TONE

### FORMAL EVENING WEAR

### HAT:

High silk or opera with either tailcoat or evening jacket. Black or midnight blue Homburg is correct with evening jacket. If hat is midnight blue it mast match suit, otherwise black

### TAILCOAT:

Black or midnight blue in dressed or undressed worsteds. Silk faced lapels, silk faced collar, silk covered buttons. Ideal coat has a

fullness in the chest and soft rolling lapels, not too wide.

#### WAISTCOAT:

Worn on a line with the tailcoat. Snow white pique or twilled silk in off-white. Simply cut. Either finely-pleated bosom or plain with dinuer jacket in plain white only. Narrower bosoms are new.

#### TROUSERS:

Same material as coat, cut with draping through waist or two small pleats.

#### COLLAR.

Bold wing with tails. Fold with evening jacket. TIE:
White.

#### SHOES:

Patent leather plain toe shoes or pumps, New note is midnight blue patent leather to match suits. Also ribbed silk to harmonize with lapel facings. Only for very formal occasions.

#### SOCKS.

Solid black or dark blae silk. White clocks.

A NEW note in men's evening fashions is felt with the wearing of a tiny white feather in opera hats. In New York this is extremely popular, seeming to fit in well with black-and-white scheme of men's formal clothes. Even capes are becoming popular, the general idea seeming to be that the romantic influence in ladies' clothes for this season will bring about an equally romantic trend for the men's fashions.



CLARK GABLE



DON AMECHE



EDMUND LOWE

# THE WINTER SEASON

At any rate, the effect is refreshing and adds a note of interest to the formerly dull black-and-white scene that has met the eye for so long.

The blue-and-white idea, brought to the masculine attention by the King of England, Edward the Eighth, when he was Prince of Wales, has finally caught on and very dark blue is gaining wide favor for evening wear, particularly in New York, London and Paris. Not much has been seen of this new style in Hollywood, but it is expected that this season will usher in the midnight-blue trend on the West Coast.

Tailcoats are narrower and shorter this year, not so skirtlike as heretofore. The origin of the tailcoat is ascribed to the Hungarians. Officers in Hungary appeared with a skirt coat in 1590, slashed at the side to allow a sword to dangle through. Since that time the evolution of the tailcoat has come through the dandies and court favorites who tended towards the feminized type of dress, since the tailcoat looked a great deal like a skirt. At the time of the Revolution in France, the style was modified greatly until it gradually changed to its present form through the years.

The formality of the daytime clothes for men is softened by a touch of color now, an innovation of, again, the King of England, who is an authority on cor-



ROBERT TAYLOR

rect dress for men. Being compelled to change his costume frequently during the day, the King sometimes, when changing from a lounge suit to formal daytime dress, retained the colored shirt he had been wearing with his more casual clothes. The effect was very pleasing and provided a new note of dashing brightness in the sombre daytime wear.

For a formal morning wedding, the

correct attire consists of black or Oxford gray cutaway, preferably having peak lapels, one button and no braid. With it gray and white or black and white striped or small shepherd's check trousers are proper. The waistcoat can be either of the same material as the coat, especially if it is gray, or white linen.

Black calf or cloth top shoes should be worn. With this outfit either a bold wing collar and an ascot or the turnover collar and a black-and-white shepherd's check four-in-hand tie. A silk hat and buck or chamois gloves in yellow complete the ensemble. Spats, while not incorrect, are seldom worn with the cutaway at present.

It is desirable to provide some contrast between the dress of the groom and the best man and that of the ushers. This might be achieved by having the groom and the best man in ascot and bold wing collars and the ushers in four-in-hand ties and turnover collars, or just the reverse. The groom and the best man might wear white waistcoats and the ushers gray ones.

With the winter season presenting bright prospects in opera, concert and theatre openings, it is believed that many of the newest ideas in formal clothes for men will be seen at the better places.



WARREN WILLIAM



ALAN DINEHART



GREGORY GAYE

### DARRYL F. ZANUCK

(Continued from Page 6)

tive From A Chain Gang' and others that presented social conditions which needed changing. These films made screen history. They also made stars of a fresh crop of players whose dynamic force had hitherto not been given full opportunity. Barbara Stanwyck. James Cagney, Bette Davis, Warren William. Joan Blondell, to name but a few.

"In 1933 I left Warner Brothers to join Joseph M. Schenck, president of the United Artists, in forming a new producing company, Twentieth Century Pictures, and we turned out such hits as 'The Bowery,' 'The House of Rothschild,' 'Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back,' and 'The Affairs of Cellini.'

"Our schedule was revised in 1934-35 to provide fewer pictures on a larger scale of individual production. This plan proved extremely good business for the releases, which were, 'The Mighty Barnum.' 'Clive of India,' 'Folies Bergere,' 'Cardinal Richelieu.' 'Les Miserables,' and 'Call of the Wild.' received a grand share of popular acclaim."

About this time, "the call of the wild." got into Mr. Zanuck's blood and he went bear hunting in Alaska. Upon his return he found that a merger had been made with Fox to form a new combine, Twentieth Century-Fox Film Co. with Darryl F. Zanuck as vice-president, in charge of all production at the gigantic plant in Westwood Hills. California.

Here, in the quiet, early hours of morning one occasionally can see this keen, blue-eyed man about the vast lot. He never wastes words for he has work to do, as anyone will discover who has tried to interview him. It is not unusual for him to spend eighteen hours at his desk, for besides the active side of his job he reads newspapers, magazines, books, plays, anything that might give him an idea for a motion picture, for his intuition as to the screen possibilities of all sorts of material, is positively uncanny.

"The average cost of launching a film star is about one million dollars," he declared recently. "To start an actor or actress on what we hope will be the road to stardom is a definite gamble, for the human element, that unpredictable abstraction, is practically the biggest factor to consider. Contrary to popular belief, stars do not spring up overnight. We select someone we think has the necessary personality then we place him or her in strategic film roles from time to time and await the public reaction. Some players quickly reach success, others never quite attain to it.

The salaries and expenses go on just the same while 'personalities are being groomed' and the cost of make-up, wardrobe, etc. is a considerable item in the whole."

The studio has its own "school" stock company where potential stars are given dramatic lessons on the lot at studio expense and meanwhile they draw salaries. Mr. Zanuck says that this is more than justified if even only one of the youngsters soars to stardom. A plan to enlarge this stock school, making its scope more comprehensive, has recently been completed and it is his purpose to place many promising young men and women under contract and school them for the screen, under the able supervision of Miss Florence Enright, who has recently been engaged as coach. The inestimable opportunity offered by this training school is one of Mr. Zanuck's great contributions to the human side of studio life, quite apart from its dollars and cents value. Such promising young actresses as June Lang, Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar, June Storey and many others, are eloquent testimony to the splendid work being done by this school.

And so his busy days go by, each full of accomplishment. He has finished a year of intensive work in which he effected a reorganization of the studio without interrupting a schedule of fifty-two pictures and in which he has started an impressive expansion program. He has been described as a man with "a thousand scoops to his credit," a "genius" and other such laudatory terms.

The interviewer is greeted by a slight, sandy-haired figure with unusually keen blue eyes who, for the stated few minutes, gives one his undivided attention and interest, leaving an impression of concentrated efficiency, kindliness and immense power of mental and physical accomplishment — the man, Darryl Zanuck.

### INTRODUCTION TO MAKE-UP

(Continued from Page 41)

reasons we insist that you put it on before your face powder.

Pat the rouge on with a puff or small piece of cotton. It is important that you pat: don't rub. Start at the high point of the cheek and follow the natural curve of the cheekbone toward the nose. Use your fingers to blend the color into the full parts of the cheek. This also softens the edges of the color pattern

and gives it a natural blush appearance. Nothing is more artificial than a harsh "polka-dot" spot of rouge on each cheek. The color should also extend upwards toward the eye to eliminate the prominent white space between the lower eyelid and cheekbone.

The fact that properly hlended rouge acts as a shadow allows us to detract from the prominence of certain contours of the face. With this in mind, let us consider several types of odd-shaped faces which may be made more perfect by clever tricks of rouging.

Long or thin faces . . . Eager, thinfaced lasses should avoid rouge in the center of their faces. The secret is to keep the rouge high on the temples and upper cheek . . . in a diminutive crescent. This leaves the lower part of the jaw and cheeks unshadowed, making the face appear fuller.

Broad or round faces... We reverse the above tactics for broad or round faces. We shadow the full parts of the cheeks and blend the rouge well in toward the nose. This reduces the expansive high-light at the center of the face and gives a fascinating illusion of length.

### FACE POWDER

As for face powder, you may revel in it at first. Dust it on generously with a large puff, powdering the nose last to avoid making it look too white. Now you can clear away all of the surplus with a soft face powder brush. Be particularly careful to clear all the tiny lines around the eyes, nose and mouth. After you have acquired proficiency you will know just how much face powder you need. Here again practice will help you.

### APPLYING LIPSTICK

Using lipstick can prove to be a trying stumbling-block for the novice. Many overlook the fact that the lips must be perfectly dry to properly receive the lipstick. Fill in the natural contour of the upper lip with the coloring. Now transfer this pattern to the lower lip by pressing the lips together. With the finger, smooth and blend the lipstick to give it a finished appearance. Carry it well in toward the inside of the mouth to eliminate a noticeable line where the color ends.

### Enhancing the Eyes

Darken and define your eyebrows with the pencil designed for the purpose. Be neat—give the brows a smartly tailored effect. The eyelashes may be darkened by a light application of eyelash makenp. To insure this lightness, go over the lashes with a small, clean brush after applying the mascara. Blondes and light brownettes and red-heads should use only a brown eyelash make-up and eyebrow pencil. Others may use black.

### AROUND THE WORLD FOR REALISM

(Continued from Page 15)

January, 1937

the customs, costumes, languages and background of the world's lesser known inhabitants. Their itinerary included names that fairly reek with adventure and romance; that conjure up nameless longings and unsatisfied desires in the hearts of every true man. To mention just a few. the enchanted port of Honolulu. Tokio the mysterious, Kyoto, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai of unsainted memory. Hong Kong where East meets West. Singapore—the cross-roads of the East, Hanoi and Saigon, opposite terminals of an ancient pathway, Penang, Ceylon, the remote Laccadive Islands. Bombay, Aden, Cairo-the cradle of countless civilizations, and dozens of others. just as important but too numerous to mention.

"It was our desire to show the truth and not to take a story and build the necessary background on some Hollywood lot or local location. Not to pretend that Catalina was Bali, the dunes of Yuma the Sahara or the hills and valleys of San Fernando the jungles and mountains of the Orient; we determined actually to go to these distant places and fit our story to the background.

"This we did.

"Prior to leaving the States we very carefully outlined two scripts, (the original stories were by Tay Garnett.) one of which we have tentatively titled, 'Tradewinds,' the other 'World Cruise,' and we worked from these scripts as we went. When the story called for a certain location, we journeyed there, and so, with our material and photographs we are able to portray actual incidents played against an absolutely authentic background. We feel that the American people have become increasingly critical and ever more cinema conscious in the last few years; that they are tired of fake shots. false fronts and pretense. Therefore, when our script called for Singapore, it was to Singapore we went to make the sequences. (Incidentally, I might say here that Singapore. instead of being the so-called cesspool of the world as it has so often been dubbed, is second only to one city in the world, Cairo, from the standpoint of the richness of its movie material.)

"We went ashore to spend only a few days and at the end of a month, after photographing steadily, we literally had to tear ourselves away! The streets teem with life. The activities of every Oriental race churn in this melting pot of the Eastern world and enhanced by the city's commercial importance, offer material that has for too long been overlooked by motion picture producers who can see no farther than Hollywood.

"Rickshaws jostle the latest American built 12 cylinder cars. Primitive dhows nestle beside ocean liners like suckling pigs. Fashions of the Occident walk arm in arm with the warm, colorful modes of the East and sharp contrast awaits at every turn of the road. Contrast makes for drama, drama is life, life is art and art should be motion pictures, or rather, motion pictures should be art. Perhaps I linger too long on Singapore but, well—the city is like a siren, you come for a moment, fall under her spell—then you have to tear yourself away."

From Singapore the expedition journeyed to Ceylon, then the Laccadive Islands which group formed the locale for the finale of the first of the two pictures, "Tradewinds." Here they discovered a tribe of people descended from a party of shipwrecked sailors who had found refuge there two centuries before from the fury of a fiercely lashing typhoon and since had been unable to escape. These Islands have been termed the Pitcairns of the Indian Ocean because of the similarity of their history and inhabitants to that immortalized in "Mutiny On the Bounty."

"Here, the people had never heard of America, vaguely only they knew of a white race, and ships that went without sails were legends or tales of natives run amok," Mr. Shackelford went on. "Living in the most primitive state of poverty they believe white men to be gods and their food the Laccadive equivalent of manna. They dig pits on the edges of the lagoons that indent the coast. The pits are flooded at high tide. then when the tide ebbs these curious natives capture the stranded fish which serve as the backbone of their diet. When we landed there and offered them white bread and tinned American delicacies, they were ready almost to die Hard-bitten realistic scientist that he is. Mr. Shackelford's eyes misted slightly when he spoke of these hungerscourged, poverty-ridden people. Perhaps this depth of feeling, this understanding of the less fortunate of our so-called human race, even to the cannibals of New Guinea, is the reason why he has been so notably successful in filming the priceless record of their daily life.

We asked him whether he over had any trouble with the natives in making these pictures and his answer was an unequivocal no.

"Their curiosity is overwhelming and crowds surround you wherever you go which of course adds to the difficulties of getting the picture, but curiosity is a universal trait, we have found. Try to take a picture, for example, as we did in the capital village of these Laccadive Islands and then try to take one at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street in New York City, as we also did. and see with which crowd you have the most difficulty. The score is overwhelmingly in the favor of the natives. They are far more tractable and pliant and once they understand what you want them to do their enthusiasm is unbounded and they try to outdo each other in accurately following your instructions. Unspoiled, untemperamental, unsophisticated, they put on a much more convincing performance than many a pretty, pampered princess of Hollywood, dozens of whom I have had occasion to photograph in my years of work in the industry.

"Neither is make-up a problem for in several of the South Sea Islands we visited other than the Laccadives, 'makeup' was a permanent rather than a temporary feature (as the photograph on page 15 will show.

"This picture of a leading character in one of our films, shows her fore and aft, so to speak, and demonstrates the art of South Sea make-up. The application of the Persion rug design begins at the age of two years and from then on, the belle is tattooed just as much and just as often as she can 'take it.' By the time native girls are grown they are clothed in a permanent pattern and make-up ceases to be a problem. (This may seem to be a savage practice but compared with the discomfort of permanent waving, the tortures of the electric needle or the agony of the eighteen day diet, who is barbaric—the modern woman or the native of Indo-China?)

Knowing the effects of hot, humid climates on film and photographic apparatus, we asked regarding the difficulties pertaining to the taking, the development and the preservation of negative and of the finished product. Mr. Shack-elford answered: "Naturally it is a different proposition from a technical standpoint to take care of film and equipment in those places where we worked than it is to do so here where every modern facility is available. However, on board our yacht we had a specially built laboratory (see pictures on page 15) capable of finishing 5000 feet of film per day and when it was finished we packed it in specially built. hermetically sealed containers (see picture on page 15.)

(Turn to Next Page)

### AROUND THE WORLD FOR REALISM

(Continued from page 53)

"Aside from the purely technical angle of caring for the negatives we encountered many practical difficulties but they were of minor importance," Mr. Shackelford remarked deprecatingly.

However, we saw a "still" of a dolly shot made in the heart of the Fijian jungle. Natives worked for two days hacking a path through the lush tangled growth in order to build a track for this homemade dolly so that the motion picture cameras could "take" a primitive charge of simulated native warfare. Also "stills" of Shackelford on a raftsupported tower in a stormy New Guinea lagoon, filming the attack of head hunters' canoes on a gale-riven wreck, so we could well appreciate his modesty when he minimized the practical difficulties under which they labored. When we spoke of danger he merely smiled and it was evident that to him, in whose veins there coursed the bright red flood of adventure, danger was a welcome guest. In fact, it seemed that he sought it as the only worthy stimulus.

Treading the slimy ooze at the base of barrier reefs, seeking for thrilling locations for undersea photographs as shown in the picture on page ...... was merely part of the day's work. And having a former cannibal chief for a cook on part of the expedition (who, when told to prepare dinner for his boss might rather have reversed the procedure;) having their propeller ruined and their yacht almost wrecked by a roving whale while trying to outrun the impending monsoons, on their way to Aden, were also just other incidents—rather than being memorable adventure.

Living three months with the native king of the Fiji Islands, long treks through the length of Indo-China as honored guest of the government; being the favored companion of sheiks of the Sahara; or living with a Mongol Prince in the Gobi Desert—all these have seemingly failed to shake Mr. Shackelford's innate democracy. Genial. modest, but communicative, he talked on. But only of his work, seldom of himself.

Finishing "Trade Winds" in the Laccadive Islands. they voyaged on. to Aden, Arabia. and thence to Cairo.

"Cairo, to me, offers the greatest possibilities of any city in the world as a background for pictures," stated Mr. Shackelford. "There in one location. there are concentrated thousands of years of art and architecture; the durable and visible monuments of and to great past civilizations. Not only the temples, the mosques and minarets, the

forts and dwellings of the city itself but those colossal piles of ancient masonry, the pyramids, that dot its environs, bear wonderful testimony to the glory and the tragedy of ages past.

"Portraying the true Cairo and the true Egypt though, is not within the scope of just a comparatively few sequences of one picture as in our 'World Cruise' but rather lies in the far greater scope of a hundred pictures or more, produced by sympathetic and understanding artists."

Here Mr. Shackelford and his expedition filmed scenes having as a background the Sphinx, that eternal, voiceless riddle of the ages, and those same pyramids, gigantic symbols in stone of the learning and egotism of rulers in

ages past, (see pictures on page ......).

Not only did Mr. Shackelford make pictures of the present state of these ancient monuments, he went further. From cameraman he turned scientist. He delved into the drifted sands of the Sahara and tunneled to the very foundations of the echoless walls of time, unearthing tools and implements dating back to a people of whom the very legends are prehistoric.

Artifacts of flint, relics of a stone age of 50,000 years ago, were discoveries that may serve to throw further light on that shrouded era when the desert was perhaps a garden. (These discoveries do not enter into Mr. Shackelford's attainments at the moment as a cameraman, but certainly they serve to emblazon his name on a higher rung of the ladder of archeological achievement.)

From Cairo to Spain, where Granada and Gibraltar alike served merely as backgrounds; to Paris of both the Louvre and the Latin Quarter, Mr. Shackelford journeyed, taking pictures the while, and thence to our own New York—all this for "World Cruise." All this that American audiences might share vicariously but authentically in his experiences. Forty thousand miles for sixty-five thousand feet of film with thousands for his cast and the wide world for his theatre, that is what Mr. Shackelford has done in the last eighteen months in order that we may have truth in pictures. Small wonder it is then that we title the saga of his adventures, "Round The World For Realism."

### LET'S MAKE IT A

(Continued from page 23)

the rank of stunt man and brought his salary up to \$5 per week. Any other boy might have felt rich but Mervyn LeRoy was not just "any" boy.

Once fairly launched in the show bus-

iness he learned to sing and dance and while making somewhat of a name for himself as a boy tenor at the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco he met a congenial soul in the person of Clyde Cooper who also sang, danced and-played the piano. Having had considerable success at the Exposition these enterprising young men teamed up and trouped around the country with their own act, "Two Boys and a Piano." They were good all right but unfortunately an unappreciative world was slow to recognize the fact and in consequence bookings were few and often they literally were hungry. But always LeRoy kept looking for "the best," for they surely were making it the best act they knew how.

This spirit of course, brought results; they were booked at a small town in Kansas. They thought they might possibly get \$25 for the day's work but the fair face of the goddess of luck had at last, it seemed, turned their way and the manager gave them \$62.

Sixty-two dollars!

LeRoy adopted sixty-two for his lucky number and while he is not superstitious the exception which proves this rule is that the number 62 is somehow brought into almost everything this extraordinary person does. His automobile licenses always have a 62 in them and the magic figures creep in to almost every picture he has directed. In "Five Star Final," for example, one of his outstanding successes, Edward Robinson. starring in the production, made his contribution to the LeRoy luck by telephoning Cherry 62.

For some time following the Kansas engagement the two boys had continuous bookings but LeRoy felt a new and overpowering urge. "The movies are calling me," he announced, and with about \$200 he came to Hollywood and started making the rounds of the studios.

However, in their turn the studios failed to acknowledge this budding young genius and his money soon gave out, leaving him in pretty desperate circumstances, his gallant morale a prey to persistently overwhelming odds. Then, since he had to eat he took a job in the wardrobe department of the old Famous Players-Lasky Studios at \$12.50 a week.

It was a far cry from the excitement and brilliance of the stage to the drab monotony of sorting costumes. Often, he stood on a box and gazed longingly through barred windows watching the fascinating operation of moving pictures in the making.

At last he could stand the wardrobe duties no longer so he went to his boss and with a torrent of eager words finally got attention and finished his peroration with the biting comment, "This job will never get me anywhere!"

"Can you do anything besides sort costumes?"

"I can sing and dance, and" as a bright idea struck him, "I can run a camera."

With only the foggiest notion of the workings of that intricate piece of motion picture machinery he got a chance and within a year he was first assistant cameraman for the pioneer producer, William B. de Mille.

This raise however, did not provide either the shekels or the scope that Le-Roy desired so he returned to vaudeville and big money and for a while his destiny rested there until again the lure of the film world proved too strong for him. He got back into the game and this time he decided to stick.

In Hollywood, that land of fabulous stories he again went through the grim struggle for existence and on historic Vine Street he shared a room and some quite hard times with George O'Brien. Being resourceful, these two boys both with a vision of what the future held for them, cooked their own meals and pressed their own clothes and cheered and jollied each other along. They found work, it is true, but not of the sort each felt to be his particular vocation and Mervyn LeRoy was finally almost lost to the unappreciative movies, for he reluctantly decided to return to the stage and stay there.

But Fate stepped in. By the merest chance Director Alfred E. Green happened to be short of a couple of actors.

"Can you birds play ghosts?" he asked.

"Ibsen's?" Mervyn's face was the picture of innocence and Green chuckled. Here was someone with "snap."

So they were taken on and attired in white sheets they did their spectral bits in a Wallace Reid film called "The Ghost Breaker."

As the days went by LeRoy's ready wit attracted the serious attention of the Director and he appointed his new recruit "gag man," a title that was immediately changed by its irrepressible recipient to the original and dignified cognomen, "comedy instructor."

Something new in Hollywood! What was a "comedy instructor?"

"I am!" was Mervyn LeRoy's assured reply. From then on his responsibility was to make people laugh and upon easily accomplishing this most elusive and difficult feat, his success was rapid.

But even yet he was not satisfied—with himself. There must be a better best for him to attain to, and he made an appointment with John McCormick, then a First National producer, in order to discuss the matter where discussion

would do him the most good. Again he explained that he was getting nowhere, he wanted to be a director, which was comparable to the earlier episode anent the camera. And, as before. he made his point.

He looked absurdly young but his attractive, straight-gazing blue eyes carried conviction to McCormick who smiled indulgently and said,

"All right, I'll give you a try at the megaphone. But whom do you want to direct first?"

"Colleen Moore!"

"But she is a star—and a first class player," Mr. McCormick expostulated.

"Well. I'm a good director, if I weren't I wouldn't want the job!"

He got the assignment but it happened that there were executive changes at First National and before the coveted directorship materialized Miss Moore was no longer with the organization.

However, he directed Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in "No Place to Go." which was soon followed by "Harold Teen." Both these pictures made money. Then with real experience behind him. he finally did direct Colleen Moore in the hit picture "Oh. Kay." Since his connection with Warner Brothers, he has directed a number of remarkable productions, among which are "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang," "Tugboat Annie," (produced for M-G-M while on a loan) "Oil For The Lamps of China" and "Page Miss Glory."

He has made the best and he has never looked back.

"I made up my mind that I would be a director in five years," Mr. LeRoy told us. "And in exactly five years I was a director."

"And what do you think was your hardest picture?"

His answer was a foregone conclusion! "Anthony Adverse."

The breath-taking adventure, the thrilling risks and the glamorous romance so superlatively well done in screening the classic work, all had for their inspiration and consummation, the stimulating, encouraging admonition "make it a good scene."

LeRoy personifies this philosophy for one receives in speaking with him, a charming impression of unaffected sincerity and a lively interest.

Since the question is being widely discussed we asked him if he thought a story or the screening of it, the more important. We are glad to add to an ever increasing score in favor of the story. "Good actors cannot make a success of an indifferent play." pronounced Mr. LeRoy, "But a good play through its fine emotional influence will go a long way towards developing indifferent actors into greater ones. In other words, the further we progress in improving the

quality of motion picture productions. the more we are convinced that before everything else, as ever, 'the play's the thing.'"

Jocularly he finished, "Evidently, Shakespeare agreed with me!"

### MY LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 35)

age. Eventually, he brought me to a point where I was the featured soloist on important feast days.

When I was twenty the famous opera stars. Giovanni Zenatello and his wife. Maria Guy, came to Verona and established a school for voice. The old choirmaster went to them, explained my mother's financial circumstances and induced them to give me the audition that resulted in the Zenatellos visiting my parent and winning permission to take me into their home as an apprentice.

Then began a friendship that has endured through the years, its bonds tightening as time moves on. Giovanni and Maria have been to me like a second father and mother. They are still my coaches; my devoted companions and champions.

The course of study they outlined for me was difficult, exacting; but I was in Heaven, for when I was not busy, I could listen to the other students, among them famous opera stars. I lived in a world of music six days out of each week—but on the seventh we all went picnicking!

It was Giovanni's rule that no mention be made of our work on the Sabbath and we played and enjoyed ourselves in the beautiful countryside.

After I had been under their guidance for three years, they decided that I should have a real *debut* and Maria Guy wrote to a friend in Ostend, the conductor of the Jurhaus orchestra, an organization of 150 pieces.

"I have here in our home a boy studying, who I think would please your cosmopolitan audiences. His name is Nino Martini."

The reply was prompt. It was merely, "send him along."

It was my first flight into foreign lands and my elation knew no bounds. Little did I realize, though, the thrill that was in store for me!

There were a few rehearsals with the orchestra after I reached Ostend, then came the big night. I did my utmost to hide my nervousness, for I realized that should it get the best of me I was finished.

The famed Ballet Russe was scheduled to come on the stage following my opening aria. I sang and fled into the wings. The audience kept on applaud-

(Turn to next page)

### MY LIFE STORY

(Continued from Page 55)

mg. I returned to the footlights, bowed my recognition and again withdrew. The Ballet floated on, but the unroar continued. Then it became a game of peeka-boo between the Ballet and myself, but there was no let-up in the cheering until I began another number.

It was my first taste of success!

My reception had me walking on clouds, where I was joined by my teachers, when there was delivered at their door in Verona a telegram from the conductor. Today that message is one of my dearest possessions. It reads: "The boy you sent me is one of the great artists of the epoch. I want him for the season."

After a second season in Ostend, Giovanni and Maria took me to Paris for coaching in French songs at their fountain-head. Later we went to Spain to study Spanish songs. Then came my first tour of the continent as the Duke in "Rigoletto," this being my introduction to grand opera. I must have won approval, for an eminent rival maestro immediately offered me a contract to star in Bellini's dramatic "I Puritani" to be produced in its original key, for the first time in more than fifty years.

The choicest imported Scotch whiskies carefully blended here in California.

Mellowed to suit the exacting taste of those who demand something beyond the ordinary.

Try a bottle today.

On sale where ever liquors are sold.

He chose me for the role because my voice range covers two and a half octaves and the aria "Credsea Si Miserere" from "I Puritani" calls for F above high C, to reach which I was told was a rare feat in operatic history.

While in Paris for a series of recitals in 1929, I was invited, at a late moment, to sing at a party being given in honor of an American motion picture producer and I tried to beg off. because I had had a hard afternoon. My friend, however, was insistent. "Do it for me, as a favor!" he pleaded. I could not resist that.

I sang two numbers and an encore and as I stepped down off the platform, my friend was waiting to escort me to the table of the guest of honor—Jesse L. Lasky, who was production chief at that time of Paramount Pictures.

I could not speak English. Mr. Lasky knew little French, but he was quick to span the gap. "We shall use music, the international language!" he volunteered. That was at midnight. Before 2 A.M. I had signed a contract to appear on the screen for Mr. Lasky.

Coming to America. I was starred in a series of five two-reelers, filmed in the form of concert recitals, then given a featured spot with my good friend, Maurice Chevalier, in "Paramount on Parade." Perhaps I would have stayed in Hollywood had I not already signed for a number of European engagements.

In August of 1930 I returned to Italy with my mentors, the Zenatellos, to prepare an extensive operatic repertoire, again coming to the United States the following year as leading tenor with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. My appearance with this organization won me a contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System for regular appearances over its nation-wide network.



NINO and IDA in a happy moment.

Because of the loyal support given me by the millions of my unseen audience, that contract has been renewed, year after year.

It was several months after I had joined Columbia that I was signed by the Metropolitan Opera Company as principal tenor for lyric roles. I made my debut in the historic old Metropolitan Opera House in 1933.

Late in 1934, when operatic pictures started to gain popularity, offers began coming to me from Hollywood producers, but after weighing them all. I finally decided to re-sign with my original American discoverer, Mr. Lasky, now president of Pickford-Lasky Productions. Mr. Lasky immediately assigned to me the stellar role in his production of "Here's to Romance," surrounding me with a superb cast, including the beloved Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Maria Gambarelli. Genevieve Tobin. Anita Louise. Reginald Denny and other prominent performers.

I was garnering immense enjoyment from my work until one afternoon. when we were shooting scenes backstage in a Los Angeles theatre and a messenger boy approached me with a cable. It carried word of my dear mother's demise. There was nothing I could do but go on with my role!

The picture scored a direct hit—so much so that I am now five months behind in reading the fan mail that has poured in to me since its release.

So you see I have cause to say that I was born under a lucky star! I have not only been offered the "breaks" but they seemed to seek me out.

It has not been easy reaching the top. however, in spite of luck. Throughout my life I have been forced to pass up pleasure for toil and now that I am up, it is necessary to sacrifice all else to the task of holding the ground that I have captured.

There are many things that I should like to do. Things in which the non-professional finds enjoyment.

I should like to own a ranch in Southern California: build myself a ranchhouse and raise horses and cattle—yet that cannot be, for my career keeps me "on the road" for eight to ten months out of each year!

I should like to visit unrecognized the places where the average citizen finds his fun: the theatres, the baseball and football games and the cabarets. but always the word goes out that "There's Nino Martini" and I spend what might otherwise be my leisure hours signing autograph books.

Perhaps, also, I should like to marry! That, too, is what you Americans call "out." for imagine the dull and weari-

some existence that would confront my

A successful singer carries a heavy load. Day after day, regardless of what part of the world he is in, it is much the same; hours of coaching, hours of rehearsal, hours of singing before audiences or radio microphones or movie

Therefore as to marriage, confidentially. I am afraid that the kindly star that has guided me through my professional career might desert me in matrimony!

I wonder!

(Editor's note) Nino Martini will appear in Concert in Los Angeles April 27 at the Philharmonic Auditorium under the sponsor-ship of Mr. L. E. Behymer.

### History Proves Dance Earliest of Arts

ONG the Mecca for artists from every branch of the creative arts. Southern California is rapidly becoming the cultural center of the nation. Quite aside from the Motion Picture Industry, whose productions become more ambitious and more culturally worth-while with each passing season. there are other influences at work which would guarantee this region pre-em-

The activities of which the Hollywood Bowl is the center, the Philharmonic Orchestra, and more recently the Dance, in all its phases, is turning the eyes of an appreciative world in this direction.

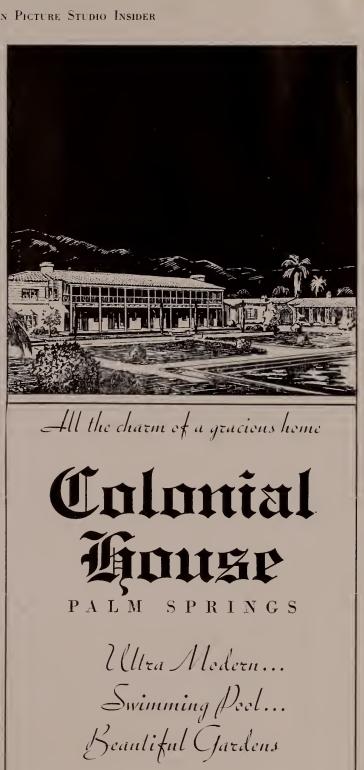
The Dance, while one of the oldest of arts, is newest here, and perhaps least understood. It, the art of expressing emotions through movements of the body, was born in the time-curtained past, and has existed continuously through the ages. A history of it would record that even before a reed was fashioned to produce a note of music. or a sounding log was found for the tom-tom to assist in rhythmic gyrations. the dance existed in a ritualistic form. The earliest legends speak of some form of dance worship, the aborigines used it in appealing to their gods for food. (Turn to page 69)

### FUR FASHIONS

(Continued from page 48) more plentiful supply, manufacturers now are far more skillful in using what is available. Processing, blending cutting—therein lies the secret, not only of price but of beauty.

Expert craftsmen design a coat, a cape or a star in the prevailing mode, and then match the sking to the prevailing mode, and then match

the skins to the pattern, so that each blends into the next for a harmonious whole. It is that type of genius which gives beauty, style and individuality to creations such as are shown on herewith—and still leaves them within the reach of the average purse.



Completed October 15, 1936



### SKATING TO STARDOM

(Continued from page 25)

ed, seeming surprised at the immense expense the studio incurred so that her skates could fly.

"How about imitation ice. the kind they use in most of the skating scenes in pictures?" we suggested. "Hypo and water is its basic material, I think."

She shook her head, showing three dimples at once as she smiled mischievously. "I had to have *real* ice or I could not skate at all, so—" with an eloquent shrug, "they made it!"

We asked how Sonja came to be an ice-skater. A question that she has been asked hundreds of times before, but we wanted our own answer, stubbornly, and waited for her reply.

"Ever since I was a little girl I wanted to be on the stage," she said. "First I wanted to be a ballet dancer and I studied dancing until I was twenty years old. I study now, too, so that I can keep my sense of balance perfect. Ice skating is not alone a sport—it is an art! I have skated before hundreds of thousands of people; in fact, ever since I began to skate I have been before the public. I have tried to entertain—to put some of the beauty of the dance into my skating. Now I dance on skates instead of just skating."

"What do you mean about dancing on skates?" we asked, interrupting.

"Well." she explained, "Many actresses are dancers. They prepare for their acting career by dancing. I have done the same. I do not wish nor intend to give up skating. It means too much to me. and I believe it is too beautiful to be lost. I think it is as entertaining for people to watch as dancing, and much more swift. Now, I want to broaden my field, to carry my career another step forward with acting."

Sonja, when she talks, is hardly the picture of a "cool, reserved Scandinavian." Her mother, who accompanied her to Hollywood and lives here with her, explained this entirely un-Norwegian phase of Sonja's personality. She had been nearby during the interview and now entered the discussion. She herself, is a handsome, distinguished woman, slender and quiet, with Sonja's oval face reflected in her own.

"My mother—Sonja's grandmother—was Irish," said Mrs. Henie. "That is why Sonja has brown eyes, instead of blue. That is why Sonja is—well, Sonja."

Sonja started being Sonja, it seems, at the age of three. She danced and skipped almost continually, often loving to wrap herself in drapes and pretend she was a dancer. At four Sonja

began to study dancing at a ballet school in Oslo where she was born.

Thus, Sonja danced before she skated. She did not learn to skate until she was eight years old. Then, like any other youngster in Oslo in winter, she wanted a pair of skates for Christmas, so she could go to the Municipal Stadium with other children and skate, too.

Sonja learned to skate as other beginners did.

"I put on my skates," she laughed, "scooted out on the ice, and promptly fell down. I may have cried, too. I don't remember now."

Once she found her legs, so to speak, Sonja knew she was always going to be happy while she skated. The other children raced on their skates and her own father would tell her about the time when he was the second fastest speed skater in Europe,—but Sonja was only interested in dancing on the ice. After she learned to skate, she paid even more attention to her ballet dancing.

The second winter of her skating-life, Sonja started to win honors at figure skating. At nine years old, she won the Junior competition of the Oslo skating club. At ten she won again. At eleven she won the Norwegian championship and went to the Olympic games in Switzerland—just for the experience and without making any effort to win. By this time, she realized that she had much to learn before she really began to skate with any degree of seriousness, such as making it her chosen profession.

As a result, she decided to train assiduously before entering any more competitions. This when she was already Norwegian champion!

At the age of thirteen she undertook active competition again and placed second in the world championship matches in Stockholm. The next year she won the world championship, thus, at the age of fourteen, Sonja's dancing on ice had carried her to the World Figure-Skating Championship. The title has been hers ever since. In 1928 she captured her Olympic championship which she retained in 1932 and 1936.

"Just what is figure-skating?" we asked Sonja, at the risk of seeming very stupid indeed.

"Not many people know, exactly," she said. "It isn't just 'making a lot of fancy curley-cues on ice,' as someone put it, but is one of the most difficult, dangerous and beautiful of sports. You see, generations of skaters have established certain classical figures with which to test their skill. There are eighty championship figures which any competitor must be able to perform. The judges give each skater six figures —and the competitor does not know

until the last minute which of the eighty these six will be."

"Tell us more," we begged, interested.
"Figure-skating is not a test of ingenuity in creating new figures," she continued, "but of perfect execution of the eighty established figures. I spent three seasons practicing the 'common' toe whirl before I would attempt it in public."

"Is it dangerous—if you are out of condition, for example?" we asked.

"Yes, very," smiled Sonja, "but I am lucky, and the worst I ever had was a sprained ankle once. I sleep at least ten hours every night to keep in condition and, before an exhibition, I do not eat for four hours because the food would be as upsetting to me as it is to an opera star—I must be completely alert in every muscle and nerve."

Sonja has worked hard for her success on the rink. When she was eighteen she went to London and studied ballet dancing under the Russian, Madame Karsavina. After learning the intricacies of the ballet, Sonja translated the famous Dying Swan dance into a dance on skates—and her brilliant performance in London's Ice Palace won for her a command show before the late King George and Queen Mary. The present King, then Prince of Wales, attended also.

Sonja has been admired by royalty all over Europe. She has skated in command performances for the rulers of Belgium and Sweden, and, of course, before King Haakon VII of Norway. The Norwegian ruler sends her a telegram before every public appearance. In 1934, ex-crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Germany gave her his diamond stick-pin crowned with the Hohenzollern crest.

In her Beverly Hills home Sonja has a "roomful" of silver cups, gold medals and plaques that she has won in skating competitions. Her career has taken her all over Europe and to the United States in 1929, her first visit. At this time she learned an American custom that she made her own.

"I heard about carrying a rabbit's foot for good luck," she said earnestly. "and I have carried one myself ever since. I hope it will bring its luck powers forward now in pictures."

"Have you got it with you now?" we

"Oh yes," she answered, quite seriously. "I keep it with me especially—in Hollywood."

Sonja seems to think that all the luck she can dig up is needed in the land of cinema.

Her return to the United States this March came after winning the Olympic championship in Germany. Her appearance at a skating rink in Los Angeles was a huge success, for in five performances she was seen and ap-

plauded by 20,000 spectators.

A quartette of major studios sought her name on the dotted line of a contract that could be written just as she liked. Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production at 20th Century-Fox, scored a "scoop" for his studio when he obtained Sonja's coveted signature.

"I like this studio," said Sonja, "It is so big. And so pretty, with its trees and grass. But I am impatient to see how my picture comes out. I want to see how good-or bad-I might be."

"Are you nervous about facing a camera?" We asked.
"Yes," she said surprisingly, consid-

ering the thousands of people she has had for audience. "I am used to big crowds of spectators-but close-up, when they watch every move of your face—no, that is different. It is rather hard," she admitted.

Before saying goodbye we asked Sonja if she had any pictures of herself skating.

"The studio took some the other day. They are very good—against a hack-

ground of ice and snow—all fake!"
The "fake" sets of the studios never fail to interest Sonja. She loves to visit the sets and watch other actors work. Her one disappointment was suffered when she attempted to see Greta Garbo and was refused admittance to the sacred set. She had wanted to meet Garbo more than any one else in Holly-

"Do you think I should change my name?" she asked, anxiously. "Everyone here seems to use another name on the screen.'

"No," we said firmly. "Sonja Henie

is a lovely name'.'

"If only people would pronounce it correctly," she mourned. "It's like Son-ya Hay-nee, see?

We thanked her and left her, looking more than ever like a little elf in a Norse fairy-tale.

### A PRACTICAL VISION

(Continued from page 36)

one especially gifted might receive more attention, this is perhaps inevitable, but all, having the advantage of good training, would have a chance to show what they could do and logically, it would be to the teachers' best interests to promote hardworking and promising pupils and to launch them as soon as possible.

The element of hazard prevailing in our present system, (or lack of system) would be removed, too, and stars would not necessarily be gleaned from some other field of entertainment nor raised to stardom by some mere accident. Who can tell what talent may not be lost in this shuffle.

The actual cost of housing, film, cameras and other equipment would be met jointly by the various studios in the Motion Picture School envisioned by Mr. Cukor, and the enterprise would be of great financial value to all producers. In the first place they could arrange to have acclaimed stars play in many of the stock or film productions, which would popularize the project with the public. Then, if clever plays well put on, were offered, the public would respond and box office receipts would defray the cost of operation. Stated or regulated weekly salaries could be paid. commensurate either with the player's ability or the part he happened to be taking but not necessarily running into such large sums as can successfully be obtained by the comparatively few who now stay at the top.

Then think of a director's satisfaction if when he needed a certain type of actor, one were forthcoming who exactly filled the bill-a finished product instead of merely someone anxious to try, for the best will in the world fails to take the place of dramatic training and

background.

Mr. Cukor regretted the fact that the overwhelming demands upon his time and energy make it impossible for him to give more than a very active interest to the Motion Picture Industry School of Acting plan at the present moment but he is convinced that if several studio directors can be prevailed upon to cooperate in promoting the school, the enterprise will quickly gather momentum. By its evident benefits to both the dramatic and financial interests of the industry it would grow and prove just as necessary and constructive an adjunct as are laboratories for any other kind of technical research—in the mysterious laboratory of human relations it would be invaluable.

The Insider is fully in accord with Mr. Cukor's thought as to the desirability of a training school and will be glad to extend publicity both to the aims and activities of such an organization and to the talented and deserving youngsters for whom it would function.

### ELISSA LANDI

(Continued from page 13)

one thing in order to make it of lasting worth.'

And that is just the way Miss Landi impresses one. Radiantly alive, vividly real to her very finger tips. Nothing languorous, nothing semi-anemic, but a great artist pouring her whole being into whatever she happens to be doing at the moment. Intensely interested in literature, in world affairs, in society, she typifies the combination of ability with culture and refinement; as great a lady as she is an artist.

After beginning her career as an actress in America and winning her way to stardom here, she went to Europe. to star in British productions, as have so many Hollywood-launched players. While there she was featured with Douglas Fairbanks in "Amateur Gentleman." Completing her current obligations over there she returned here, and at present is playing with Edmund Lowe and Zasu Pitts for M-G-M, in her first vehicle under her contract with

When asked to compare picture making in Europe to Hollywood's methods. she thought for a moment, then answered seriously, "I really think that it is

better to work here.

"Not that I don't think that the experience gained in European pictures wasn't good for me. Quite the contrary. Because the acting over there seems more real, more true to life, besides being very artistic. European directors are products of an older civilization. they have deeper roots in tradition, and know instinctively how to depict human emotions. Thus they seem to get more out of one and their work is more allabsorbing when it is finished.

"But aside from that, the camera work, the lighting technique, the makeup and the hair-dress are more advanced here. We would be even farther ahead than we are, but for the fact that the English companies raided our studios here, and put many of our best American - trained technicians under contract.

"But the experience broadened me. and I feel that I will be able to do better work having had it."

Her mention of technique was well exemplified on the set in which she was working when we met her. Fog eddied and swirled about us, and nearly obliterated many of the members of the cast. It was chokingly realistic, but artificial, nevertheless.

"Besides" she went on, "it gave me additional background and local color. which I can always use in my writing.' She played in France also, being sufficiently well versed in that tongue so that she played the lead in a French picture, and all thought she was a native Parisian.

That is typical of the way Elissa Landi does things. Never half-heart-edly, never letting "good enough" do when better is possible. And that is why we feel Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were fortunate in being able to add this scintillating personality to the roster of outstanding stars which they already have under long term contract.

### PAUL MUNI AND LUISE RAINER

(Continued from Page 11)

There is a great deal in common between these two famous personages. Both Viennese, they have the love of music born in them. Paul Muni plays his violin, artistically and well, between pictures, for relaxation. The dark-eyed Luise Rainer loves all kinds of music and has a varied collection of orchestral records to play at her home. Her taste ranges from Beethoven symphonies to modern jazz. Paul Muni likes classics and the dashingly colorful folk songs of Russian origin. These he plays beautifully on his violin.

They both feel the urge to make "the perfect picture!"

"When I look at myself in a picture," remarked Luise Rainer to Paul Muni and to us, "I always say to myself that it would be better if I did not watch my own acting. Something makes me want to look while all the time I feel, well—it makes me think of how much better I should have done!"

All this was said with expressive gestures singularly out of keeping with the Chinese garb and with the most fascinatingly hesitant accent in the world.

Paul Muni laughed.

"I never look at my own pictures at all." he answered. "For just about the same reason. too. When I finish a picture I try to forget it and have a fresh mind for the next. I think it is bad for an actor to look at his own pictures too much. The most satisfaction he can have is seeing something he might have done—and didn't!"

"I want every picture and every scene in that picture to be as perfect as can be." sighed Miss Rainer. "So I concentrate on it with all my mind to the exclusion of everything else."

It was this concentration on the work at hand which made her the theatrical triumph she was when playing in dramas of Shakespeare and Ibsen, Pirandello and others with the Max Reinhardt players in Vienna.

Though a prodigy of the theatre, Luise did not come of theatrical parentage. Her father, Heinz Rainer, is a merchant. For many years he lived in the United States, becoming a naturalized citizen prior to returning to Europe to set up a business. Her mother, Emy Rainer, had never been behind the scenes of a theatre.

During her childhood, Luise's family was wealthy. She had the advantages of the finest schools in Europe which later proved a boon to her for her background in the classics.

"I went to eight different schools in all." laughed Miss Rainer. "My father

adored to travel and insisted upon taking his family wherever he went. As a child I toured Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. Although tremendously interested in music and art, it seemed that the theatre drew me most, so at sixteen I decided upon a theatrical career."

A well-rounded chin, high forehead and intensely black eyes bore up the statement of her determination. We secretly decided that if Miss Rainer had put equal determination upon an artistic career or one of music, she would have been equally successful if only because of that very tenacity of purpose which is felt distinctly by her very presence.

She played mature roles in Deval's "Mademoiselle;" Dreiser's "American Tragedy;" Wasserman's "Lukardis;" Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure;" Jara's comedy "Is Geraldine an Angel?" Castonier's "The Sardine Fishers;" and, most recently, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Vienna, Paris, London, all acclaimed her one of the greatest emotional actresses of the day.

It was while playing in this last production that Luise was urged to come to Hollywood by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout. She felt that she would like to try the new medium so she accepted and signed a long-term contract.

After two highly successful roles, one in "Escapade" with William Powell, her first American picture, the other as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" she is finishing her third and most interesting, to her, role so far. That of O-Lan, the Chinese wife in "The Good Earth."

"As soon as I came to Hollywood," reminisced Miss Rainer, "I studied English as hard as I could, to help out the rather stiff speech I had learned in school-books. First, I moved in a house by the ocean, but later I moved to the hills of Brentwood where I live with two servants and a small dog called 'Johnny'."

"And what about afterward, when this picture is finished?", we wanted to know.

"Oh then." She sighed happily. "I plan to return to Europe and visit my parents in Switzerland. Then, who knows? I must plan to marry, or return to Hollywood alone and resume my picture career. At all events, there will be some explaining to do, in view of all the erroneous romance rumours about me which have been printed in the papers."

"What is the name of your mysterious fiance?" We knew she wouldn't tell us, but we asked anyway.

"I won't give his name," she laughed mischievously, "but I can tell you that he is connected with diplomatic activities and resides in Paris."

And that was all we could find out about a possible romance that sounded most interesting to us.

All this time Paul Muni had been quietly listening, so we turned to him. "Your turn next," we warned. "Early struggles and some notes upon your life story, if you please."

Paul Muni chuckled at that . "I have been sitting here figuring out what to say, so I'm all prepared." he said. "Here goes: I was educated in New York after an early arrival from Austria where I was born, not Paul Muni, but Muni Weisenfreund. I changed my name because the last name I bore was too long and too difficult for American tongues to pronounce. My family, unlike Miss Rainer's, was a theatrical one, my father and mother were actors and my two brothers musicians. Since my earliest childhood my ambition had been to be a great figure on the stage.

"Strangely enough, my first opportunity to show what I could do came when I was travelling with my family. They were about to open in a small town and needed an actor to play an old man's role. No player being available, they tested me and I got the part. This was the first of many 'old man' character roles that I have played.

"The stage play, 'We Americans.' brought me my first recognition in a New York theatre though I had played before that with the Theatre Guild."

"What do you consider your best picture role," we asked. "I regard "Counsellor at Law" as my

"I regard "Counsellor at Law" as my favorite stage play;" he replied. "As to pictures 'I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang' is my best, I think—and 'Seven Faces,' is my worst." He finished with a wry face.

"Contrary to common belief, I do not think the screen gives an actor more time or more leisure for home life than the stage. The stage is my preference, rather than the screen, and New York my choice as a place to live. At that, though, I am getting used to Hollywood, because I don't mind it any more."

At that Miss Rainer laughed. "I love it already. You sound as though it were medicine. Hollywood is exciting, I think. I will be glad to come back after my next European trip."

Paul Muni sticks to his first love, the stage, with deliberate singleness of purpose, and insists in his contract to make only two films a year to assure him of

(Turn to Page 62)

















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### PAUL MUNI AND LUISE RAINER

(Continued from page 60)

a long season on the stage between pictures. He does not approve of the star system, and does not want to be billed as a star.

Luise Rainer's favorite picture interested us so we asked.

"I liked 'A Farewell to Arms,' was the surprising reply. "My best liked role is 'Joan of Arc'."

Luise is fond of ice cream cones and apple pie. Two new items of food that she hadn't tasted before coming to America. She furnished these favorites right along with her screen likes so they must belong together. Her singleness of purpose and concentration does not seem apparent when she speaks, for she laughs often and puts completely irrelevant subjects together somehow making it seem all right.

At this point director Sydney Franklin strolled up and joined the group. "It is this very intensity that is the secret of Luise Rainer's art," he said to us. "Her quality can best be described as vibrant. She is an intense person and radiates something of which one is immediately conscious. When she plays a role, she has the gift of making her audience know what she is thinking, by looking into her eyes. She is a hard worker, but it is her ability to relax completely after an emotional scene which is a great boon."

Miss Rainer caught something of the conversation and shook her head at us, laughing

"It isn't fair to talk about me—it makes me blush."

Sure enough, a glow was shining through the makeup that must have been a blush.

"All right," chuckled Sidney Franklin—"We'll spare your blushes and send you back to work."

"You see?" said Paul Muni in an aside to us. "We thought we were through—but we're not!"

"On the set, please," came the call. We shook hands with the yellow-skinned O-Lan and Wang, the peasant man and wife of China, and watched them trudge back to the paddy-field on the set with backs bent from weariness.

Somewhere near us a low-toned voice thrilled with admiration, "There," it pronounced, "goes an actor and an actress."

a plaid dress with the suggestion of a bustle in navy and white has a jacket of plain navy crepe lined with military scarlet. The effect is irresistible.

Speaking of her newest picture, Mr. Plunkett said. "'Quality Street' gives Katharine a costume of an entirely different silhouette from her other costume pictures. This is the first period picture which she has done in which the skrits of the costumes are slim and reveal the shape of the lower part of her body. The full shoulders and wide sleeves are particularly adaptable to modern fashion as are the high waist and pencil skirt. In costuming 'Quality Street,' I have attempted not only to present the costumes of the Empire but have tried to reflect some of the feminine whimsical quality of Barrie's play, the delicacy of which would lend itself well to spring and summer adaptations.'

Maybe you imagine bustles won't be important, too! Just wait! The adaptation of these will be a new effect in the back of the evening gowns, with intricate draperies and lovely use of flowers as the modern version of the Victorian dress. Half-mitts will be another innovation for evening, as well as a style used by Miss Hepburn, flowers worn throughout the hair. It sounds rather daring, but with her hair in loose curls and tiny star-daisies studded through her auburn locks she has never looked more beautiful and it is this style which will be another idea for future evening wear.

In the opinion of Mr. Plunkett. costume pictures are now responsible for nearly all the radical style changes. Paris stylists notwithstanding.

Remember "Little Women?" Mr. Plunkett designed the clothes for that picture and all the women promptly procured tiny muffs and veils and be-

came quaint overnight.

Remember how "The King of Kings" brought out an Egyptian trend? Remember what Dietrich's long skirts did and Garbo's uncurled long-bob? No one could possibly say that pictures don't influence style. Now it's the costume picture that does the most styleleading, because never before have costumes been taken so seriously nor more care put into their making. Even the embroideries on the gowns have to be checked carefully so as to be historically accurate. It is this same accuracy of fashion that permits the stylists to adapt the clothes for modern dress. Walter Plunkett is noted for retaining the authenticity of a costume yet adding an intriguing bit of originality to it that makes the costume stand out for its beauty and charm. When next you see a costume picture look to the clothes for the harbingers of your future wardrobe!

### DO COSTUME PICTURES INFLUENCE STYLES?

(Continued from page 46)

Elizabethans worn in the picture. For the average woman's wardrobe Walter Plunkett has designed an adaptation of the Elizabethan costume which is definitely smart and modern yet retains the charm of that era. Velvet suiting made up into a clever peplum two-piece affair for street wear is set off by padded shoulder epaulettes which circle the shoulders vertically achieving a standup appearance that retains the broadshouldered effect but takes away the severe masculine look that the horizontally padded shoulders produces. The adaptations are in nearly all the better shops, according to Mr. Plunkett.

After the "Mary of Scotland" picture was completed, it was discovered that all of the Elizabethan ruffs were gone from the wardrobe department. A search ended in the discovery that many of the wardrobe girls as well as some of the actresses had taken the ruffs home to wear with black dresses as collar-andcuff sets because of their flattering effect to the face of the wearer. Knowing that the ruffs would be discarded, the girls had taken them for themselves. The result of this discovery was that a manufacturer has made up Elizabethan ruffs adapted from those worn in "Mary of Scotland" and they are now being sold as smart sets to be worn with plain

dresses.

In "The Woman Rebels" you see some of the most entrancing gowns ever worn on the screen. Mr. Plunkett himself definitely believes that a "trend" even more pronounced than the "Mary of Scotland" influence will start as a result of this picture. The era is that of early Victorianism in this country, but the costumes themselves lend many new ideas for modern dress.

Jackets are important in Victorian costume and it is these elaborately casual little jackets which Mr. Plunkett believes will sweep the country. Surely they are the prettiest conceits that a girl could imagine. A simple foundation dress can be changed many ways with different jackets depending on the design and treatment. One that Mr. Plunkett showed us was a lovely thing with built-up shoulders (retaining the highshoulder trend) and with appliqued design around the bottom. The high points of the jacket are a delightful collar that frames the face, and the unique frogfastenings which are used instead of buttons. Many of the dresses for "The Woman Rebels" have matching jackets, or jackets in contrasting color lined with the gown material. In one instance

### DO TOO MANY PICTURES SPOIL THE STAR?

(Continued from page 28)

but, more about that, later. It is his belief that six pictures a year would render him "stale" on his work and also be too great a strain upon his own leisurely mode of existence.

He likes time to think, time to study, to read and play tennis. He feels, quite rightly, that other artistic endeavors and other businesses permit time out for vacations and leisure without any great loss of business advancement, so why not the motion picture business?

He is one of the most quietly-spoken men one could wish to meet, but though grave and laconic a deep-lying glint of amusement is seldom absent from his eyes. He is also one of the few stars



JANE WYATT with RONALD COL-MAN, the two lead players in "Lost Horizon."

who really *listens* when some one else speaks; a gift in itself. He concentrates on another's words with serious intent, gives rational and thoughtful answers. Perhaps this is what makes him one of the most charming conversationalists to be found in a city whose people are usually given to staccato remarks and over-emphasized word-pictures.

Not at all a big man, he gives the effect of strength and vigor. This coupled with a controlled reserve gains him respect and deference from those about him

In 1918 he was discharged from his London Scottish regiment and came to America to try acting, without any reason other than a wish to see what he could do in that field. Although born in Littlehampton, Sussex. England, his ancestors were Scotch and he inherited the calm reasoning powers of that nationality. He figured that with conditions being in an upheaval after the biggest war in history, he had as good a chance as any for a successful career. in this to him an entirely new field.

Landing in New York via Ellis Island with \$57.00 in his pocket, things dwindled to nothing before he got his first part, supporting Robert Warwick in "The Dauntless Three." a short-lived play. Short as it was, however, the play served as a show window for Colman to display his dramatic wares and George Arliss signed him to appear in "The Green Goddess" which proved the gateway to success for so many who later became stars.

From that day to this, he has never had to worry about a part in either play or picture. His story from then on is boring for its repetitions of success.

For fourteen years Ronald Colman has retained his popularity with the theatre going public, a record unequalled in Hollywood by any other star and the demand for his services in Hollywood constantly increases. The last year has seen the making of two of his greatest pictures: "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Under Two Flags." Now, with "Lost Horizon," made at Columbia studios, he reaches what will probably prove to be the high spot of his career.

He gives another reason for the threepicture-a-year schedule which sounds too altruistic to be believed unless one hears him say it, then it is indisputably believed as the truth.

"If I don't work so much," he explains, "it makes more jobs for others."

He remembers the days right after the war, when jobs were scarce for him, and he had a difficult time getting even a small one. Time has mellowed those memories, but the humanness then absorbed is an integral element of his character, and it colors his philosophy now

Altruist, philosopher, actor—that is the Ronald Colman of today.

### THE STUDIO MAGICIAN

(Continued from page 12)

see a whole chicken flop down so big were the pieces. Thereafter we began cutting them in an automatic chopping mill. Then I had to perfect a device to shake them down: I found the closemeshed wire the best and it works like a charm."

He took two cast-off ventilating fans from two of the stages, put their best pieces together and created a wind machine which caused the sound-men to sigh with relief. The "squeak department" (sound department) of all studios had hated the sight of wind machines before Paul's invention came about. The machines were too noisy. Paul's machine caused the wind to sigh softly through the white pines in "Come and Get It" and to howl with fury in an 80-mile an hour gale over the decks of the replica of the Cunard White Star liner "Queen Mary" in the "Dodsworth" sequence; and still the sound men were happy, for there were no mechanical creaks or squeaks to be heard.

Paul and his magicians have fashioned desert flies for the "Sheik:" alligators for a Mary Pickford picture; sharks for "I Cover the Waterfront;" a mechanical man which actually swam, for "The Gaucho;" armor plate for the elephants in "Clive of India;" contented cows which mooed and gave milk for "Kid Millions" and Paul admits having made a bull in "The Kid from Spain." The bull, no less, that sat on Eddie Cantor during a burlesqued bull-fight.

Paul and his men made every stick of furniture used in "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad" because no suitable furniture could be found anywhere. To replace the smoke they used to employ in the studios to create fog effects, Paul developed an odorless fog with crystal oil and a vaporizer he perfected himself. This fog hung low over the "Queen Mary's" decks in "Dodsworth."

In the "Come and Get It" sets are many Widlicska icicles, some of them huge and all of them out of his jugs and cans of hypo, plaster of paris and medicated cotton.

Give Paul and his workers enough wood, sand, cement, plaster of paris, burlap, powdered marble, gypsum, insulex oil, shredded newspaper, paper towels and *time* and they will show you the end of the world and make you believe that you're actually seeing it.

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### RULING THE SOUND WAVES

(Continued from Page 29)

thirds of them were supplied with felt socks to reduce the noise, the effect of the socks being analogous to the human mental agency before referred to.

Outdoors, it is more difficult to preclude unwanted noises. Should a fly walk across the diaphragm of the mike. its footsteps would thud and would impinge themselves upon, say, the dulcet tones of the tenor singing a desert love song. The rushing of the air incidental to a high wind striking the microphone directly, would render impossible the clear registering of any other sound so in one instance to obviate this contingency, a frame was made and covered with several layers of cheese cloth. The cheese cloth prevented the air from whistling through the diaphragm but did not interfere seriously with the sound waves it was intended to transmit.

To both recording and reproducing devices. Douglas Shearer has made outstanding contributions. His "push-pull" recording method is known to engineers as the most practical system of submerging surface noises. (Too technical to discuss here it is thoroughly outlined in an article in a later issue.) Through this apparatus the entire volume range of reproduction has been increased eight-fold.

Machines are his mania. His eyes glowing with enthusiasm and interest. he pointed out that machines had already been made which produced a synthetic human voice, of course as yet only as a laboratory experiment, but: "If we were to know what range, volume. true tones, overtones, etc. it takes to make a perfect voice, that voice could be made synthetically." He illustrated this with pictures of the sound track of the voice of Nelson Eddy, and that of Jeanette MacDonald. greatly magnified reproductions of which are shown herewith by means of photographic charts. "Notice the overtones in Eddy's voice." he said, "as opposed to the fundamental tones in MacDonald's!" The regularity



of the shadows being the gauge in each case.

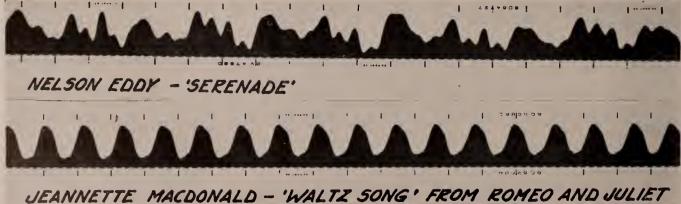
All this having to do with voice production. As for reproduction, we inquired about the already famous Shearer horn. Mr. Shearer indicated an interesting looking object which took up considerable space at one end of his office on the M-G-M lot. This device, which is about ten feet long by four high and as deep, resembles some sort of intriguing cubic figure rather than an old-fashioned "horn." It appears that the basic principle is similar to that existing in the telephonic field but a number of new elements have been introduced by Mr. Shearer.

"In order that the speech, music or whatever should be audible in a picture can reach all parts of an auditorium with equal naturalness and resonance it is necessary that the amplifier diffract the sound waves, which has generally been done by means of several horns spread fanwise. In this," he passed light, sensitive fingers over the panel. "the top as you see, contains a metal horn of multiple cells each leading from the sound diaphragm and so diffusing the high frequency waves to every part of the house. Through the lower section, which is all wood, the lower pitch sounds are similarly directed."

To illustrate this. Mr. Shearer, with the delightful eagerness that characterizes his manner, continued, "It's like this. High frequency notes go straight ahead, like water from the small vent of a hose nozzle. Low frequency notes spread out fanwise, like the water from that same nozzle adjusted to a spray vent. Therefore we have to break up the high frequency waves into smaller 'beams' and direct them to all parts of the theater. That's the reason for the greater number of horns necessary for the higher notes."

Naturally, Mr. Shearer considers that sound is a valuable complement to motion pictures from several angles besides the purely emotional one.

"It enables us to suggest the geo-



graphical location of any scene, merely by introduction of sound effects. For example, we shoot a stock shot of a man standing beside a fog-shrouded pond, with frogs croaking and water birds crying. Later we show this same man on the veranda of a house, with the pond not visible but the sounds audible. Immediately, in the minds of the auditors. that fixes the location of the house as being near the pond, whether it actually is or not. If instead of the frog and bird noises, we superimposed the rumble of an elevated and the roar of traffic, you can readily understand that that would place the location of the house as being in the city, rather than on the marge of the pool.

The fact that Douglas Shearer is the only man in the cinematographic sphere who has continued throughout his career as head of the sound department in the same studio, is a significant one which

amply credits both sides.

Beginning with a clear vision steadily focused upon the future, he engaged in developing the possibilities of sound films. He improved on early basic equipment and methods to a point where they are susceptible of satisfactory utilization in the latest type of motion picture. Through Mr. Shearer's own ability and the excellence of his work, he reached the top and has remained there. But he is as yet far from satisfied. He has done a great deal to promote the advance of sound and we quite expect it will not be long before he perfects some other strange contrivance that will further control the mysterious waves. Primarily, we rather suspect, for the pure joy of achievement, but also for the greater renown of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the more complete edification of the "movie" public to whom his name. in connection with sound in motion pictures, has come to mean so much.

### THE WAY OF A LANCER IN PICTURES

(Continued from Page 31)

lawski's life has been filled with unquenchable thirst for learning and achievement.

One may permit him, with this in mind, his zealous enthusiasm over "The Garden of Allah." in which Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer are co-starred. Already convinced that color held much of the future of motion pictures, "Boley," as he is known throughout the industry, went to work under the Selznick International banner first as a student and then as the ace director.

Before the first camera had turned. Boley had equipped himself with every shred of knowledge known about color. In charge of the first Technicolor picture with an all-star cast headed by two of the biggest names in films, he became again the ace director, his creative mind conceiving color shots never before placed on film.

Nature's riotous paintings on desert location near Yuma, Arizona; the golden halo of Marlene's hair and the deep blue of her eyes, colorful settings and costumes, all these, in addition to the dramatic story by Robert Hichens, made Boley an artist as well as director.

It was a role into which he stepped naturally. Beauty is his hobby, just as creation is the force behind his quiet

During preparation of a dancing scene from "Allah," Boley demonstrated his creative skill as a choreographer. He devised and put into rehearsal a dance of nine native girls, personally demonstrating the movements he wanted.

For all his towering build. Boley is gentle-spoken. He likes to get things done quietly as well as quickly. He is paternal toward stars and extras alike, and is always ready to go out of his way to keep his company happy.

Perhaps at no time was his patience more sorely tried than on the blazing desert location. Unbearable heat, hard work and extreme difficulties had rubbed nerves raw. It fell to Boley to act as

the soothing influence.

"My job there was the nearest thing to being in charge of a circus I have ever experienced," he said. "Not only did we have a company larger than the average circus, living in tents, but we also had a menagerie which included 15 camels, 30 horses, goats, sheep, chickens, donkeys and two first cameramen! All of them were working for us. Working against us we had rattle-snakes and scorpions, and worst of all, heat. At the camp the temperature was ordinarily well above 100, and on the dunes where we were working a thermometer went up to 148 in the sun one day."

There were sudden sandstorms, camera problems and human troubles. Boley explained. Miss Dietrich fainted twice from the terrific heat. The intricate and expensive Technicolor cameras had to he taken completely apart, checked and cleaned each night.

One member of the set crew, tried almost beyond endurance by work beneath the broiling sun, objected on one occasion to a task he had been assigned.

"I'll be darned if I'll move this thing around for that Russian so-and-so." he said.

From behind him came a gentle. reproving voice. "Polish so-and-so. Joe." Boley corrected, "Polish so-and-so."

To appreciate this quiet, versatile man, one must know that his philosophy of life is based on Victor Hugo's remark that to make men smile is greatness in itself.

At the end of a hard day's work. Boley improvised a scene in which a huge, dusky pair of feet dangled down before the nose of Joseph Schildkraunt, who played the part of the Arab guide, Batouch. Schildkraut swung into the spirit of the scene; his expression of distaste was side-splitting to behold. Stars and extras smiled, a weary day was forgotten.

Boley learned show business in all its phases. Born in Warsaw, he received his academic education in Odessa, and in 1906 joined the Moscow Art Theater.

He became a principal director, ballet master and choreographer, interrupting his career to serve as an officer of the Polish Lancers in the Russian Army. With the rise of Bolshevism, he was forced to flee the country.

From 1918 to 1920, Boley served as cameraman in the Bolshevik-Polish outbreak, the war adding to his interests the study of the literature of war and a knowledge of military tactics. These were to form a colorful background for his two books, and the third novel which he hopes soon will be in the hands of his publishers.

Boley has two reasons for preferring the screen to the stage; it places fewer limits on the director's imagination and it reaches greater audiences, many of which could not otherwise afford good entertainment.

More than six feet in height, a little heavy now for an ex-Lancer, but retaining much of his military bearing, the director possesses a round face with clean cut features. His mien could be called serious, save for an ever-present twinkle in his eyes.

From time to time the twinkle gives way to mischievous humor, which, at the same moment, is never barbed.

the same moment, is never barbed.

While working on "The Garden of Allah." one of the actors had a long speech which was giving him difficulty. When the scene was shot the first time, he inadvertently changed several words of the original dialogue. At the end of the scene, he seemed pleased with his performance.

"How was that?" he asked with an expectant smile.

"Fine," said Boleslawski drily. "Now let's try it the way Mr. Hichens wrote

At another time, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer and Basil Rathbone were in a scene in which camels moved across the background. One of the camels was unruly and spoiled four rehearsals. The fifth time, everybody expected the director to blow up. Instead Boleslawski called the man in charge of the camels to the set.

"Is it true." he asked quietly. "that
(Turn to next page)

camels can go eight days without water?`

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Well," said Boleslawski. "you had better start training him to go eight days without salary, unless you can make him keep quiet."

Before coming to Hollywood, Boleslawski was connected with such important stage productions as "Vagabond King." "Mr. Moneypenny." "Collabor-King." "Mr. Moneypenny." "Collaborated." "The Three Musketeers," "The Miracle" and "Macbeth."

His best screen productions have been

"Les Miserables" and "Men in White." The directorial method of Richard Boleslawski is based on his own theory that people who come to pictures deserve two things, entertainment and

Boley-to get back to his more popular title—considers acting the highest of arts. His book, "Acting: The First Six Lessons." is the most widely-read textbook in the theatrical profession. Written in dialogue form, it is the most thorough analysis ever written of the natural qualifications and the training necessary to the art of acting.

In this book the director discusses the technique of talking pictures, and, unlike most men trained in the theater, he has the highest regard for the new medium.

Although he has not set down on paper lessons in directing, Boley holds that a motion picture director should be an actor's mirror.

"The best purpose a director can serve." he says, "is to give the actor confidence that the director reflects perfectly the reaction of an audience.

"I ask nothing more of an actor than that he consider me a good lookingglass without blemish, crack or distortion. Then he will see my suggestions as perfect reflections of his efforts.

"With such experienced players as Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, a director discusses situations and then studies the effects of the players' interpretation. He reports to the player a reaction. If the player has confidence in the report, changes are made to conform with it."

No line of dialogue, no small part of a set, is too inconsequential to escape Boley's piercing study. On a recent occasion during the filming of "The Garden of Allah." he conferred for more than an hour with stars, writers and assistants over only three lines!

Watching him in action, after he has given the command. "turn 'em over,' one gets a picture of intense concentration. Pipe in hand, leaning forward, Boley acts in sympathy with the players. His face works and his hands motion eloquently as the scene progresses.

Boley would like to do two things

now that "The Garden of Allah" is completed.

He would like to journey to Warsaw for a visit, but has just about given up hope. His services are much in demand in Hollywood. And he hopes to finish "Escape of a Lancer," although the printing date has been postponed four times because he has been too busy to spare the time for his literary efforts.

However, in accordance with Victor Hugo's philosophy, he retains the ready twinkle of his eyes.

"One cannot make others smile," he says, "unless one is oneself able to smile."

### MY TOUGHEST SHOOTING ASSIGNMENT

(Continued from Page 27)

needed. The problem lay in certain features and cast of physiognomy difficult to describe. We knew what we wanted, at any rate. Every camera test that I made resulted in the clear-seeing lens pointing out the flaws in the appearance of the type tested.

Finally, the search ended on the Pala reservation of Mission Indians in San Diego County, California, with the amazing discovery that American Indians of the Western Tribes look and photograph as much like Tibetans as Tibetans themselves!

The photographing of these faces was another matter, however, I soon discovered. Very little make-up was used, therefore the camera had to catch each line and shadow of the natural skin to bring out the expression on the faces of the Indian actors.

With native blacksmiths, pottery makers, weavers and other artisans of the mysterious land at work on their strange, crude machinery and native women and children dressed in their odd clothes, wearing one hundred and eight braids of hair, the picture presented in "Lost Horizon" is, I believe, the first complete and accurate one of life in Tibet ever to be made on this continent. Of course, I refer to the first part of the pictured story, because the second half continues in a mythical and strange land where the imagination has to furnish the background and also the scenic and photographic effects.

As a matter of fact, there is more variety of background in "Lost Horizon" than in any picture that I have made with Frank Capra. Regardless of that, however, I do not believe that you will notice any camera work that will intrude on the story merely for the sake of beautiful photography. That is not the Capra method, nor is it mine.

After all, making motion pictures is a business involving many thousands of dollars with each production and I like to think that I am practical enough to submerge my artistic side and look at the job from the practical and economic side. No matter what the picture, it is exciting and interesting to work out the problems at hand and try to make it the best effort possible.

### A LITTLE BIT INDEPENDENT

(Continued from Page 19)

Contrary to many reports her family did not oppose her embarking upon a theatrical career. Instead, they gathered around loyally and helped pack her bags for her first trip in search of a job on the stage.

At this time Miss Hepburn was so bashful that it was agony for her even to talk to strangers and as a result she silently haunted the offices of agents and producers, sitting for hours in waiting rooms and wondering how ambitious players ever gained an audience with the powers that produced shows.

"I always moved at top speed," said Miss Hepburn, with a rueful laugh, "and by the time I had visited one or two offices my face would be moist with perspiration, my make-up entirely gone, my hair disarranged and my clothes mussed up. But I was too nervous and bashful to ask anyone where the ladies' dressing room was and I would spend hours roaming around the different buildings trying to find it myself."

But that was long ago. Achievement and success have developed the faculty of commanding apparent poise and assurance whenever it is necessary, and there are times when, in deciding upon screen procedure or the merits of scripts submitted for her consideration, such a faculty is necessary.

If a resume of the past were taken. it would be plain that the parts she has played of her own choosing, are essentially right for her particular temperament. The young tomboy in "Sylvia Scarlett." the lovable Jo in "Little Women," the wild gypsy girl in "The Little Minister" are all roles tailored to fit the Hepburn technique and the Hepburn character. As the ill-starred Mary. Queen of Scots, in her latest picture. playing opposite Fredric March, she has probably found the most suitable and dynamic role of her career to date.

Perhaps the answer to it all is—that Katharine Hepburn knows herself as few actresses do. It is this knowledge which gives her the feeling of right to dictate her own terms regarding her work as an artist.

If ever an actress tried to please her public. Katharine Hepburn is the one and she continues to gain, successfully. step by step, the affection and regard of her admirers. To her-"the play's the thing!"



# JEWELS of THE STARS

WHEN dreams come true, when an unknown is touched by the magic wand of Fortune, and wealth beyond the visions of avarice pours into the coffers of the successful.—what does the favored one do with the vastly increased income?

Man's innate desire for personal security forces most members of the motion picture industry who have scaled the difficult ladder of success to invest their money wisely, and well. The urge for personal adornment is also as old as the race—and fortunately for the stars—the two instincts go hand in hand, because investment in fine jewels satisfies both demands. Knowledge of this prompts one to enquire what jewels stars are wearing, who made them, where they were purchased, and what others are available for their selection here in Los Angeles.

Pictured on this page are some of the world's most renowned pieces, all from the studios of Trabert and Hoeffer-Mauboussin manufacturing jewelers, whose new retail salon will soon open on Wilshire Boulevard.

Dolores Costello is shown fingering a single clip and pendant combination of entrancing beauty and original design. Containing one cabachon emerald weighing 193.50 carats, one hundred and twenty-six baguette diamonds, with a total weight of 15.22 carats, and two hundred and fifty-nine diamonds with a total weight of 13.58 carats, it can well be said to be worth the traditional king's ransom. The possession of such a jewel would place any one individual beyond the vagaries of chance for life.

A different conception adorns the slender wrist of Madeliene Carroll, currently playing in Lloyds of London. It is a carved sapphire and diamond bracelet that would send any woman into transports of delight. Containing 23 carved sapphires, with a total weight of 72.85 carats, nine sapphire balls with a total weight of 11.66 carats, and 347 round diamonds with a total weight of 15.51 carats, it represents not only wealth, but craftsmanship of the highest order. To create and execute such





Upper left: The Star of Bengal, Upper Center: Dolores Costello admiring some of the finest jewels in America, Lower Center: Madeliene Carroll wearing gems worth a king's ransom. Lower Right: The Star of Kimberley.

a design is given to but few men, and those with years of experience, and training, and with every resource at their disposal.

To the value of the bracelet that Miss Carroll is wearing, add the value of the brooch and the star sapphire ring and the sum can well be reckoned as a considerable investment.

Also pictured on this page is that gem of gems, the Star of Kimberley, a 25 carat emerald cut diamond that is microscopically perfect and well-nigh priceless. It is the largest flawless diamond in existence. Trabert and Hoeffer-Mauboussin are also showing the Star of Bengal, the finest star ruby that the world has ever known and the Star of Bombay, a star sapphire of rich Cashmere blue, weighing nearly sixty carats, the only one of its size in the world.

As a feature of the opening exhibition of their new retail salon, the Napoleon Jewels will be on display. These are the famous gems which that great Emperor presented to Marie Louise at the birth of their son, in 1811, and were purchased by Trabert and Hoeffer-Mauboussin in Paris, only after many years of careful investigation and negotiation.

They state that it is more and more the trend of discriminating and wealthy people everywhere to invest in the finest of gems because not only does one possess something of beauty which will give one esthetic pleasure through the years, but one is at the same time making an excellent investment.



### A CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL CURTIZ

(Continued from Page 42)

There is one thing that Michael Curtiz dislikes. (Besides parsnips, which are his pet hate!) He doesn't like trick shots and camera angles. He believes that straight camera work is best when the scene itself contains vivid action. He also feels that love-scenes should be quietly subdued when the rest of the picture is active and dramatic. Striding back and forth he illustrated this, using his hands in great gestures to make his point. It is contrast that he desires in story telling. In other words, if the hero returns from a wild battle, to an equally violent and exciting love-scene acted with the same tempo, the sameness of the two scenes would cause the beholder's interest to pall and the result would be disappointing.

He believes in truth and authenticity in pictures also. For example, in one instance, one of his assistants came to him with the suggestion that work horses could be procured cheaper than the spirited chargers that the script called for; that the harness marks deep in their hides could be covered by using the camera at angles, with the riders trailing their fluttering banners a little

"But that's cheating," said Mr. Curtiz.
"I don't like to do it. Get spirited horses and we'll shoot dem so! With the sun shining on their lovely satin coats,"

There is an example of the scrupulous standard by which Michael Curtiz works.

On the set of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" Mr. Curtiz sat staring into space, his legs in the dusty riding boots stretched in front of him. A scene had just been shot, and the company waited for the verdict.

Finally he spoke.

"Dose tings." he said, and shook his

The two prop men. Limey Plews and Scotty More, knew that he meant the props on the set before him. They removed some of them. Props are always "dose tings" to Mr. Curtiz and, as a matter of fact, the rest of the cast call them that throughout a picture on which he works.

"And it was hammy," added Mr. Curtiz. "Very hammy. Why should you not be simple? Why should you not talk like peoples talk? One more rehearse and we take it over!"

A rehearsal is always a "rehearse" with Mr. Curtiz. His use of the English language is amazing. He admits that it has him stumped. One example of his tangles with the tongue of this coun-

try was when he sent an assistant to do something and when it was done improperly he exploded: "The next time I send a dumb so-and-so I send myself!"

Another time, desiring that riderless horses be brought on the set, he shouted: "Bring on de empty horses!"

One need only spend a half-hour on the set with Michael Curtiz to hear quoted many instances such as these. After ten years in America, English is still a mystery to him and he has long since given up being sensitive about it. Riderless horses are "empty" to him and "empty" they always will be. However. though English has him stumped, he is never at a loss for ability directorially. If the story is about American small town life, he is as American as Sinclair Lewis. If it is about Paris, he's continental as Maurice Chevalier. If it's a mystery he delves right in with the subtlety of a Van Dine. It is this quality which has made him famous as a versatile and ingenious director.

When excited, he resorts to pantomine. During the filming of the massacre sequence for the "Charge" he wanted the border tribesmen to fire volleys into the women, children and lancers in the water. He picked up the microphone and, using it as a gun, gave a graphic demonstration of what he wanted though what was said was lost to all but those close at hand because the microphone was nowhere near his mouth. This was probably just as well because Mr. Curtiz was excited and his instructions then need considerable translation. However, his pantomime must have been ex-

cellent, for the border tribesmen followed instructions to the letter and the scene was only taken once.

A biographical sketch of this director would include the facts that he was born in Budapest, Hungary; that his father was an architect and his mother a concert singer; that he discovered Lili Damita, now Errol Flynn's wife; that he once directed Garbo; that he was a strong man in a circus and a lieutenant in the Austrian army during the war; that he has made pictures in Austria, Sweden, France and Denmark; that he was an actor in Max Reinhardt's company and that he is married to Bess Meredyth, the scenario writer. An additional sentence could say that he loves to play polo and has made some thirty pictures all of which are successful.

His belief in the picture "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is great. He hopes it will prove to be one of the biggest winners of all time. It is this energy and enthusiasm that has charged the entire company during the filming of the picture. A close bond exists between Michael Curtiz and Sol Polito, the director of photography on the "Charge" with him. To Polito, Michael Curtiz is always "Mishka."

The words forceful, enthusiastic, selfreliant and intelligent each in its highest meaning can be used describing this man.

His cosmopolitan background, years of experience in his chosen vocation, and his dynamic vitality assure Michael Curtiz an interesting and promising future.



An exciting battle-scene from the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade."

### SPEEDING FATHER TIME

(Continued from Page 17)

In the picture it is plainly illustrated that Mr. Pierce's efforts were undoubtedly worth while. Edward Arnold grows

truly old before your eyes.

"Look at his hands," said Mr. Pierce, pointing to the picture. "It is one of my pet theories that hands should be made up as carefully as faces. For the old hands of John Sutter I worked to get the veined and puffy look that the hands of the very old assume. If it is the hand of one who has worked hard all his life, the make-up would be entirely different from that of the hand of one who had led a life of ease and luxury. John Sutter had worked with his hands; therefore I tried to make them look like that. In the case of Irene Dunne in "Showboat." I tried to get the opposite effect; the hands of a beautiful woman who was artistic and successful yet who was gradually succumbing to the effects of age. It was a delicate task to get the right appearance.

Jack Pierce uses small plaster models when he attempts first to create a ghastly or weird character such as the famous

"Frankenstein."

"I studied books of surgery," said Mr. Pierce, when we referred to "Frankenstein." "I spent hours talking to doctors and internes and even went to the hospital for pictures of operations and technical advice concerning the aftereffects of different kinds of scars, before I attempted to make up Karloff for the role. As a result, I don't believe that a doctor in the world could find fault with the appearance of that monster. The clips, scars and operative structure of the Frankenstein monster were perfeetly correct so far as surgery and medicine were concerned. As to the plausibility of such a creature. I leave that to the story and the limits of the public's credulity."

Mr. Pierce is working on another monster right now. A monster that will probably frighten everybody as delightfully as did Frankenstein. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is scheduled for production some time during the year by Universal and Mr. Pierce is sketching some shudderingly grotesque heads as a preliminary to his make-up work on the picture. As yet the player of the "Hunchback" is not set, but whoever he may be, Jack Pierce will fix him up so that he will produce many a shiver and thrill when he appears on the screen.

It is these clever men equipped with grease-pencil, wig and foundation paint who produce for audiences the very essence of illusion. It is by their artistic skill that the illusion is retained glamorously and by their scientific knowledge that it is factually and basically correct.

### HISTORY PROVES DANCE EARLIEST OF ARTS

(Continued from Page 57)

success in the chase, thanks for rain, and to express sorrow in death, exultation in love, or success in war.

History recounts that the Queen of Sheba carried with her 250 dancing girls from Ethiopia, when she visited King Solomon in all his glory. Cleopatra brought forth her choicest dancers to intrigue the mighty Caesar and the dashing Mark Anthony. It was Salome's dancing that ensnared King Herod and brought about the order for the head of John, the Apostle.

When the Czar of Russia visited Paris, in the eighteenth century, a

sumptuous ballet was given for his entertainment. He immediately asked his court officials to bring within his domain the greatest authorities on the dance from Italy and France, founded an Imperial Ballet School, and introduced it into his theaters. The Imperial Ballet became the center of amusement in Russia, and eventually its influence was felt throughout the world. Pavlowa. Diaghileff, Mordkin, Nijinsky, and others of that school became the leaders in the dance world. England and America were the last to fall under the magic sway of this art.

A half century ago, Amelia Glover. "The Little Faun" as she was called. came from London, introducing a new form of the dance. From Spain came Carmencita, Papinta, and in our present day, the great La Argentina. Isidora Duncan from the Pacific Coast, became the great interpreter of emotional messages. Maud Allen (now living in our midst) presented her Terpsichorean artforms. Maud Allan's "Salome" dance and the "Peer Gynt" suite remain unequalled. Ruth St. Denis. in her Oriental interpretations of India. China, and Japan, added another chapter to America's dance history, ably assisted by Ted Shawn, now known as the great creator of "Molpe" primitive rhythms. religious and athletic dance forms.

Everywhere its exponents win large and enthusiastic audiences, and particularly is that true here. Therefore it is a distinct pleasure to note that Los Angeles this year will be visited by five major dance companies. These include the Jooss European Ballet, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet, Ted Shawn and his Team of Eight American Men, and Martha Graham and her Company of Ten.



### DESTINED TO SING

(Continued from Page 33)

his mood. Joan! There had been no letter for him before he left Naples. After all, she couldn't care for him as he had been fool enough to believe. His eyes darkened and he forgot for a moment the beauty of a terra-cotta frieze with its dancing angels in the picture of a slim, tweed-clad girl with wide, gray

"Ecco! Look, Carlyle, did you ever see such heavenly shades-those terracotta figures against the background of turquoise-green," exclaimed Armini, anxiously scanning his companion's troubled face. "What's the matter, you were happy a moment ago. Your sweetheart in America? You must 'snap out of it' as you tell me."

Dick pulled himself together but before he could reply there came a great chord of hidden music and a clear, high soprano voice trilled through the opening Latin of the oratorio that was part of the festival. As the joyous "Hosanna" gradually subsided tears of emotion welled in Dick's eyes and he turned away with Anglo-Saxon self-conscious-

"Introduce me to the girl, will you," he whispered. "We might get together on a duet."

An amused smile answered him. "Sorry, my friend, that 'girl' is a choir boy, vowed to the service of Santa Maria and quite beyond your blandishments.'

Then Dick remembered having heard of certain male choirs world acclaimed for the beauty of their soprano voices. "I thought they were a thing of the past," he said as they came out on to a large, cool porch where they saw a number of peasants in the most colorful array of native costumes imaginable. As the indoor service ended the crowd broke into loud outbursts of joy and laughter, bells rang merrily and all kinds of hand wielded toys added to the noise. The girls especially were more than aware of the two handsome young strangers and many languishing glances were cast upon them.

To hide his emotion Dick cried, "Get a load of all that feminine pulchritude, Armini. Couldn't we buy them a drink?"

"'Get a load!' O, I see. But have patience—there will be time for the girls, later. First I want you to see all that goes on at the festa."

Then Dick noticed flocks of sheep being lead by both shepherds and shepherdesses. After mingling a while, the flock separated and those with the girls went to one low, grassgrown hill, those with the youths, to another, set at a

little distance. As they climbed to points of vantage a chorus of sweet singing arose joyously, then the shepherdesses were silent while their men sang the Serenata della Alpi, in the same old words that had rung out in that same village celebration for hundreds of years. The girls' melodious reply was full of the sound of flower names so that the air itself became scented with the thoughts and pictures the sounds conjured in the imagination.

'The music of the spheres!" cried Dick in a low tone of entrancement. "But what do they say?"

"Oh, just pure romantic nonsense, I would call it. The shepherds ask their girls if they would like to hear the nightingale sing and the girls reply that they would give roses and jasmine for the privilege—or words to that effect." explained Armini, who was not quite sure what his American companion's reaction had been. His large, brown eyes were constantly searching the throng and they flashed as he noted the approach of a particularly pretty girl. He stepped forward, still looking searchingly beyond her, then he bowed low over a small hand that was somewhat timidly placed in his. A few words brought a blush to the girl's soft cheek just as Dick came down to earth and the power of observation. He advanced towards the couple and was duly presented to Signorina Giovanna Gonnelli.

"You have a great name, Miss Gonnelli," said Dick in his labored Italian, but with impressive interest. "Are you of the family of the great Giovanni Gon-

nelli? Do you also sculp?"

The girl laughed, showing the most perfect teeth Dick had ever seen. "You tell him," she replied turning to Armini,

and speaking very quickly.

Giovanna's family have kept the Albergo delle San Vivaldo for generations." Armini explained, "but they have claimed no further distinction. You mustn't let the terra-cotta angels go to your head, Carlyle.'

They are having a lot of competition right now," returned Dick, meaningly, his eyes on the dark beauty of the girl.

"That is good. But we should lunch first. In fact I think this would be an excellent opportunity for us to sample some of old man Gonnelli's famous 'vino' and the polenta that is food for the gods," was di Achillo's suggestion.

As they made their way through the crowd of merrymakers, the girl with a light hand on the arm of each. Armini asked, "Where is Lucia?"

"She will join us later."

glanced around fearfully.

"And where is the good Ettore?" A shiver ran through the girl and she

"His father is ill. He had to go home -but he will return.

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As Dick listened he watched this lovely young girl who was so different from the sophisticated co-eds and debutantes patterned to his Western world. Could she be as innocent as she seemed? Who was this Ettore? Had Armini any claim on her? Such questions fairly hummed in his head.

As they entered the cool depths of the inn more music greeted them but this time it was the deep rhythm of men's strong voices. Giovanna slipped away to see that a table was prepared and Dick, noting the picturesque uniforms inquired, "Who are all the movie heroes? It looks exactly like a 'set' from 'Graustark' or one of the musical comedies."

"Why, they are our Alpine carabinieri," replied di Achillo. "They are on leave of absence to celebrate the festival. The commanding officer is a very good friend of mine. Where is Captain Nievo?" he inquired of one of the men.

"He will be here in a minute, Excellency," replied the soldier and almost immediately a tall, fair man, typical of the Milanese, in braided jacket, entered the room, in company with Giovanna and another girl of distinctly plump proportions who proved to be Lucia. Introductions were made and the party adjourned to a table that had been specially set for them. Toasts were drunk and the Captain politely wished the Signor Carlyle a very pleasant sojourn. "We are yours to command." he said, "Isn't that so, di Achillo?

"As Dick says, 'you bet!" laughed. "What can we do for you, Signor Riccardo?" he glanced expectantly at the girls, evidently anticipating that Dick's desire would be in their

direction.

"When we came in, Captain Nievo, your men were singing a song that had a lot more pep than most of the rags we go crazy about in New York. Will you have them sing it again for me?"

"'Rags!'" murmured Armini, absently examining the contents of his glass.

There was no mistaking the pleasure that shone in the captain's face at what he took for a very gracious compliment from the American.

"Carlyle is in our country to study music--singing-with the great Ciarpini," explained di Achillo. We came up here especially for the festa and the singing of our Alpine guard is certainly one of the features.'

"Ah, then you sing! That is why we somehow felt that you were one of us. said Captain Nievo, making a signal to

It was stirring music and Dick marvelled at the fine tone and pure quality of many of the voices. He couldn't understand the words but got the gist

of their meaning. When the song was done and he suggested generous rounds of drinks he was just about the most popular visitor that ever happened and he thoroughly enjoyed the praise and appreciation that was showered on him.

'Now, it's your turn. Carlyle." Ar-

mini told him.

"Yes, please," chorused the rest. For a moment there swam before the young man a vision of the last time a gay group had persuaded him to "do a turn" at the behest of a slender girl he was trying furiously to forget. "All right," he said, and without any pose of vocal gymnastics he chose one of their own Italian melodies, "Per Che?" and he gloried in his power as he saw tears rise in many eyes, for his voice was wonderfully sympathetic and he felt his soul go out to these kindly and appreciative people.

Then there were more drinks of good local wine and a meal that convinced Dick Carlyle that he had reached the only spot on earth where a man could really be satisfactorily full of food. He tried to convey this thought to Giovanna and when she shyly gave him her hand with a whispered, "Grazie, Signor Dick," he suddenly found himself kissing her fingertips with as much grace as though he had been indulging in this delightful form of salutation all his life.

Nievo lifted his glass. "To the Signor Carlyle," he cried. "Success! for he is destined to sing.'

As they were responding heartily to this toast a group of boys peeped in at the door, two of them entered and were informally named as Beppo and Cino.

"Your brothers?" asked Dick of Gio-

"No—cousins. They are chimney sweeps," was the reply.

"Oh! Do they sing too—or dance, or juggle, or merely sweep?" asked Dick. with would-be facetiousness.

"They sing the song of the chimney sweep." Giovanna told him quite seriously, and upon their finishing what Dick mentally termed "a darn good number." they were greeted with much warm applause.

During all this time, Lucia and Armini had been engaged in making some sort of arrangement that seemed to promise them considerable satisfaction: Vanna, as she was called, never took her huge, brown eyes from Dick's face and when he inadvertently touched her he sensed a delicious ripple run through her soft, flexible body, a sign that she was acutely aware of his proximity.
"Where do we go from here?" he

cried gaily.

'You dance?" Captain Nievo asked. "Does a duck swim?—and how!" was

(Turn to Page 72)



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(Continued from Page 71)

the enthusiastic retort in that curious vernacular that was beyond even Armini's power of translation though he had learnt a lot since the day he found an automobile could also be "a honey."

Since there is a language that young people fortunately can often understand even though its words be unknown, a congenial foursome bade "adio" to Captain Nievo and made its way to the scene of the great public ball that was also part of the festival, where aristocrat and peasant mingled, the reins of convention were loosened and fun ruled supreme.

The dance music proved to be just as ravishing as the singing they had heard and something got into Dick Carlyle's blood which caused him to pick Giovanna right off her feet and whirl her light form dizzily around him, then setting her down he put his arm around her and they swept onto the dance floor, in perfect physical and emotional accord

"You're lovely." the young man whispered. "I'm crazy about you already. How about a date for tomorrow? Will you come out on the Lake?"

"It would be wonderful," replied the girl. "but—there is Ettore!"

Dick stood stock still and looked at her. "You're not married? I couldn't stand that. Who's Ettore?"

"No. I am not married—yet—but Ettore and I were betrothed by our parents while we were yet children."

"Do you love him?" demanded the young man.

"Love? What is love?" sighed Giovanna. drifting light as a feather in his arms, ripe lips close to his own. "He is very jealous of me but I—I am glad that he visits his father and that you are here," was the girl's ingenuous confession. as she seemed to blend with him in the seductive measures of the dance.

Before Dick could collect his thoughts. Armini and Lucia were beside them and he found that he was expected to change partners for the next measure. The plump and friendly Lucia was like tepid water after heady champagne to Dick but he managed a smile and asked, "Having a good time?"

"Armini and I always make time good," the girl assured him. "And we have a plan for you and Gigi."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you presently. Listen, it is the time for us all to sing Picchia La Porticella. It's a chorus we always sing at the *festa*," she explained.

The dancing stopped, the orchestra leader rose, gave the signal and immediately trained and untrained voices burst into the glad song then, when it was over, applauded themselves with a gusto that was as infectious as it was unaffected.

Dick was not able to see Giovanna alone again as the chorus proved to be the finale of the evening and when he inquired for her from Armini he was told she had returned to the inn with her cousins.

As the young men walked back to their hotel. Dick remarked, "Say. Lucia told me you were making plans of some sort. She delicately indicated that they concerned me and Giovanna too."

"Right! They start with dinner tomorrow evening at a village high up in the mountains where there is a church you will be crazy about."

"At the moment I am afraid there are things that I am more interested in than churches, old man; strange as it may seem!" observed Dick, sententiously.

"So I surmised—hence the arrangement," was di Achillo's somewhat dry retort. "But let's forget girls for the moment; the night is so magnificent that it goes to my head like wine. I'll race you to the hotel," suddenly declared Armini, and forgetting that he was really grown up, he gave a loud whoop and started off.

Not to be outdone, Dick whooped too but suddenly they were brought to a standstill by a stream of shrill invective in Italian that was quite beyond him and a young woman, holding a baby in her arms, shouted and shook an angry fist at them.

"Gee! What have we done to the lady?" asked Dick. "She seems slightly annoyed!"

"'Ślightly,' you say! Hum! Her baby is sick and she had just sung him to sleep and we wakened him with our whoopees" explained Armini

whoopees," explained Armini.
"That's too bad, I'm sorry," cried Dick, impulsively. "Let's have a squint at the bambino."

di Achillo's courteous apologies had somewhat placated the angry young mother and she was further mollified by the admiration the two handsome youths bestowed upon her infant. As she rocked him gently, she started to croon one of the sweetest lullabies Dick had ever heard. Leaning against a tall cypress tree he watched the woman seat herself on a bench as she continued to sing. The music appealed to his disturbed emotions so powerfully that almost unconsciously he found himself humming an accompaniment in his clear tenor.

"Ah, che merveglia! His voice is marvellous!" the woman said softly, her dark eyes rapt with admiration. She continued her song and Dick his obbligato then suddenly he had one of his quick changes of mood and he turned stiffly on his heel and walked away without a word.

Next evening, the most impatient young man in Italy was Dick Carlyle. He and Armini called in good time at the Albergo delle San Vivaldo and when Giovanna appeared his heart pounded so it almost choked him. His inamorata was quite evidently arrayed in her best clothes. Her jet-black hair was coquettishly arranged with a large comb. She was wearing a black satin dress and red pumps that vied in color with her ripe red lips and matched the flowers embroidered lavishly on the shawl that put the finishing touch to her costume.

"You are just too wonderful," he told her breathlessly and while Armini greeted Lucia. he quickly bent his head and kissed her soft mouth.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she chided him, uncertainly.

His answering look spoke volumes then he gaily shook hands with Lucia and they all bundled into the car.

The dinner was gay and plentifully accompanied by several kinds of excellent local wine. As soon as they had finished Armini took Lucia's hand and said. "I hope you won't mind but Lu and I have a call to make. Gigi will show you around, Dick and we'll 'be seeing you' as you say in America."

seeing you' as you say in America."
"Swell guy!" observed Dick in English. "Shall we walk, madonna mia—
it's such a glorious evening." and he put his hand protectingly round his companion's elbow.

She led the way through the winding streets, passing women in various costumes, some with cloth leggings and short, dark blue cloth petticoats embroidered in colors; others in skirts of plaited black silk with fancy jackets, silver necklaces and spreading head-dresses, but none so lovely and picturesque as Giovanna Gonnelli, thought her escort.

They left the village and had a magical world to themselves. In the distance they could see shadowed olive groves and sometimes yokes of white oxen with scarlet fringes above their meditative eyes. moved past, the day's work done, with solemn deliberateness. They came to a simple shrine in a small clearing and here, on sweet, lush grass, they both with one accord, sank down.

It did not seem a night for conversation. There was a sort of hushed expectancy in the air that communicated itself to the youth and the maiden. He took her hand, counting the small fingers, crooning over them and pretending to bite, at which they laughed happily for no other reason but the sheer joy of being together.

"Look at the stars, they are so large and brilliant," whispered Giovanna. her head against his shoulder.

He turned her quickly. "I would rather look into your eyes. Gigi mia.

They are stars that carry the message I want to read."

Her heavy, white lids fluttered and somehow his lips found hers. For a long while only strange little quivering sounds and soft laughter mingled with the silence, the air was charged with fiercely emotional vibrations, the language that is universal and needs no words.

When Giovanna reached her room dawn was breaking but she knew it not. Her whole being was conscious only of great waves of ecstasy through which anything that was not herself or Dick Carlyle, seemed as vague, cold shadows in a mist.

As the months rolled by there proved to be little time for love-making for Signor Ciarpini was a ruthless master. Breathing exercises, scales, endless vocal practice filled Dick Carlyle's days, for they were at Ciarpini's conservatorio in the hill region above the Roman Campagna. The weather had been very warm and Dick was suffering from a decided slump. Sitting in the garden he pulled an old letter from his mother, out of his pocket. It was the first intimation he had received of Joan but it had reached him after the memorable trip to Santa Maria and the awakening of his wild desire for Giovanna Gonnelli. He read it again:

"Dickie dearest:

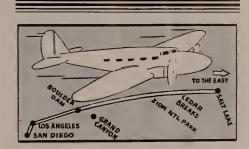
It scarcely seems possible that you have really gone to Italy with the great Ciarpini. I suppose you already have mastered quite a lot of the language and will be able to say all those cute things that sound so charming. Father and I are both well but I must tell you what happened to Joan Preston. It appears that she and Homer Wallace must have found something to interest them so that they forgot the time until it was very late! I don't want to shock you. my boy. but they had an accident getting back to Greenwich. At the time it seemed rather serious. It was Joan's fault though really one cannot blame her for she said it was because she was so anxious to see you before you sailed. She grabbed the wheel from him, or something and he is furious and won't look at her because his new car was badly damaged and he got a nasty cut over one eye that has left a scar. Joan was unconscious for hours and hasn't seemed the same since. She said she was writing you so I suppose by this time you know all about it.

I do hope you are studying hard and keeping out of mischief.

Much love from Dad and your loving.

Mother."

(Turn to Page 74)



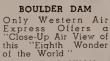
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Ar. Denver .	11:35 P.M.	3:50A.M.	10:00A.M
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"I guess she changed her mind about writing." mused Dick, a trifle bitterly.

He felt slightly guilty as he reviewed his own interest in Giovanna Gonnelli. who, after all was really only a peasant although she was so pretty and intelligent. While he was not quite so crazy about her now he still found it extremely pleasant to make occasional trips back into the village beside Lake Como. Of course, he only went when Gigi made the arrangement and he never asked about Ettore any more. Armini had made some rather pointed remarks about Ettore's jealousy and what he would do if he found out that his sweetheart was not faithful but Dick was still too young seriously to worry about trouble that might never happen.

He remembered one week-end, a foursome shared with Armini and Lucia when Giovanna had upbraided him in sudden anger when he mentioned a picnic with his friends at home and his voice dwelt caressingly on the name of

Joan Preston.

"You still love her. your cold American girl." Gigi had cried vehemently. "Yet she has never been to you what I have been—she would think it was not nice to give herself to you just for love." "Leave Miss Preston out of this."

Dick answered in a hard voice.

"I won't! I hate her! Have you forgotten the hours we have spent together, all the sweet things you have said! Have I measured my love for you—no! Yet some day you will go back to her and I shall kill myself!"

"Don't talk like that," Dick said impatiently. "After all, you have Ettore."

"Ettore! Yes, in his way he adores me but he, he is so jealous! If he found out about us his revenge would be terrible . . . his knife would cut like the lightning."

"But if you are clever he will not find out." Dick had countered, wishing she were not quite so wild and uncontrolled in voice and gesture. For answer, she had thrown herself wildly onto his breast and kissed him with a passion that, for the first time, he sensed was not altogether genuine. He patted her shoulder gently and gave her a brooch that she had several times admired, pinning it to the front of her bodice, the while she continued to caress his strong hands with lips that trembled.

So, from time to time he had continued to see her and it amused him to hear Ciarpini's comments on the improved quality of his voice after these excursions. Ciarpini was wise. He encouraged occasionally the trips to Santa Maria, having been young himself, but he encouraged still more a growing comradeship with Maria di Achillo, who was also very much in love with his

(Turn to page 76)

### CONTEST RULES

How often haven't you heard theater goers say: "That picture would have been so much better if the lead had been played by some one else," usually naming their choice for the part. Every patron of motion pictures is, in a manner of speaking a casting director, because, in the final analysis, it is public demand, expressed via the box office, which determines at least the type of roles that the various artists are cast to play.

But few of those who attend theaters are ever given a chance to express, more than indirectly, their personal choices for the actual parts.

To provide this opportunity, and to bring public reaction to competent casting more concretely to the studios, the Motion Picture Studio Insider is running this casting contest. You express your preference, and besides, demonstrate your ability to pick stars for the various parts. In this issue appears the second installment of "Destined to Sing" an original three part story especially written for screen dramatization. Read it in its entirety, then fill out the official entry blank with your choices, and write us why you have selected the actors and actresses for the various parts.

Be sure to read the rules before you send your entry. And remember, it is the judgment you use in your selections that will determine the winners—not flowery nor elaborate writing.

#### Read The Second Installment Now!

### CONTEST RULES

- l Every reader of the Motion Picture Studio Insider (except members of the staff, and their families) is eligible to compete in this casting contest
- 2 To be eligible for prizes, all entries must be made on official entry blank. Clip or paste it firmly to the letter you write. Send as many as you wish.
- 3 At the conclusion of the story write a letter, not exceeding five hundred words giving your reasons for your selections. (Logic counts more than literary ability.)
- 4 Decisions of the judges will be final. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be made.
- 5 Entries, to be considered, must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 15th, 1937.
- 6 Address all entries to the Casting Contest Editor, The Motion Picture Studio Insider, 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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## Official Entry Blank The Motion Picture Studio Insider Casting Contest

Opposite the name of the story character, fill in the name of the motion picture actor or actress you think could best protray the part.

Name of Character	Your Choice

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Billie Bellport

Margaret Ervine

(Continued from Page 74)

pupil. The hours the two young people spent practicing duets or just studying together meant everything to the gentle daughter of his old friend, but although Dick benefited from the pleasant association he treated Maria like a younger sister and seemed all unaware of the secret so plainly revealed by her telltale glances. He took her to dances, properly chaperoned, and spent much of his spare time at her home but more and more he became absorbed in his music and girls mattered less and less.

Came the last year of Dick Carlyle's sojourn in Italy and it passed like a flash. He sang at several concerts given in different Italian cities and even achieved acclaim in the historic La Scala where Maestro Ciarpini finally launched his most gifted pupils. After that triumph success followed success.

"Do you know. Maestro. I believe when the season is ended I will return to America." he observed hesitatingly, one day when a letter from his mother had aroused a fierce nostalgia for his native land.

"Just what I was planning, my boy," returned his teacher. "As you know, I have to be in New York in October and I believe the time has come when you should be heard in your own country. But," he added slyly. "I rather think a certain letter from your dear mother has had something to do with your decision."

Dicked laughed, for there had been a post-script to his mother's letter in the dear handwriting of Joan Preston. Only a few lines, warm and friendly, but they had bridged the intervening years and filled the young man with loneliness and longing for a slim, capable girl who did not resort to extravagant tantrums and unholy scenes to gain her way but was sweet and poised and. Oh.—American. I guess, thought Dick. The note rang true and had a delightful sense of humor in its few words, humor that Italian girls seemed to lack.

He had grown very handsome and was now completely a man of the world and an artist who was absolutely sure of himself: equal to handling any situation so when he received a most pressing invitation to spend a last holiday with Giovanna he decided in favor of the trip because. as he expressed it, he "didn't want to go away with a nasty taste in his mouth," where she was concerned. She assured him that she would not urge him to stay, nor would she make a scene nor make the farewell anything but a sweet one.

Dick went up to Santa Maria alone, arriving early in the day. He called for Gigi but found her in one of her

rare somber moods. She lead him to an arbor where they had spent many happy hours and pulled him down beside her on a flower-scented bench. Her face pressed against his breast she wound her strong arms tightly around him.

"Take Gigi to America," she wheedled.

"Why, dearest, you know that is impossible," he replied, uneasily.

"But I will be so good and I will take care of you," she went on, her voice rising slightly.

"I know you would, but you would not be happy away from your people. It would be foolish for you to leave them." Dick said gently.

"It isn't that!" the girl burst forth in a shrill tone. "You are making up lies. You don't love me—you never have or you would take me with you."

"But not if you would be unhappy in America," Dick temporized.

"O, you and your talk," Giovanna cried angrily. "You are tired of me and you want your sweetheart, that cold. proud Joan. I know she has written to you lately. that's what makes you want to go home."

"But you have Ettore, who wants to marry you and who will make you happy. Don't let us part bad friends. Gigi. We have had so much fun together."

"'Fun!' Yes, that's all it was to you but it meant more than that to me. I won't let you go back to that white-faced girl. If I tell Ettore that you have been my lover, he will kill you, as I have often said."

Her voice had risen to a scream that ended abruptly as footsteps sounded quickly approaching the arbor.

"What were you saying, Giovanna?" demanded a man's hoarse voice, and the shadow of a towering figure in woodsman's costume, fell athwart the entrance.

There was a moment of dead silence. then Giovanna darted to him and flung herself into his arms, clinging to him and crying noisily.

"My Ettore! The American! He insulted me. He tried to kiss me—and worse, against my will. But you will save your Giovanna, won't you. Ettore mio."

He put her from him. "What is this she says, Signor?" he demanded harshly. "Is it true?"

Dick felt that he was indeed "on the spot." He either had to make a woman out to be a liar or appear guilty of philandering when such diversion had ceased to interest him. He tried to be dignified and inwardly cursed himself for getting into the mess.

"I guess there is nothing I can say," he made as though he would leave the arbor, "beyond the fact that there has been a misunderstanding."

But Ettore still blocked the way and as the other man strode towards him his arm shot out and Dick received a cruel slap across his mouth.

Then it was the old Kingston boxing lessons that stood him in good stead. He grabbed his adversary's thick wrist and twisted it painfully but Ettore whipped out a villainous looking knife. Giovanna gave a piercing shriek as she saw it flash then start down like lightning. But Dick was quicker. His fist with knuckles of steel, rammed the burly Italian full under the jaw and he went down like a felled ox. The girl sank to her knees beside him with wild protestations of love, but Dick rushed away through the garden, into his car, throwing the throttle wide open. As the steep road fell away behind him, he ejaculated: "Whew! What an escape!"

(To be Concluded)
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## ANALYTICAL REVIEWS

Go West Young Man



(Paramount)

#### CAST:

Mae West, Warren William, Randolph Scott, Alice Brady, Elizabeth Patterson, Lyle Talbot, Isabel Jewell, Margaret Perry, Jack La Rue.

#### CREDITS

Producer, Emanuel Cohen. Director, Henry Hathaway. Assistant director, Holly Morse. Original story, Lawrence Riley. Screen play and dialogue "Mae West. Art director, Wiard Ihnen. Editor, Ray Curtis. Sound, Hugo Grenzbach. Photography, Karl Struss, A.S.C. Music director, George Stoll. Gowns, Irene Jones.

#### TYPE:

Sophisticated comedy of the Mae West brand, which is usually the same in each picture. West fans might like it. The children will be bored.

#### TECHNIQUE:

The story, which was once a rattling good play as "Personal Appearance" is very weak and shaky. To further confound the beholder, Mae West is in the foreground of each scene, so that the capable surrounding cast is relegated to the background. The picture suffers from poor timing of lines, un-sparkling dialogue and overworked situations, Alice Brady is swamped in a role that could have been done by an extra. Randolph Scott as the country boy seems ill-at-ease in his role. Warren William stands up well against the West technique, but his lines fail to register particularly. What started out to be a travesty of motion pictures turns out to be a travesty of itself. This picture bites itself and dies of its own poison.

#### 5Y VOPSIS:

A famous picture star is stranded in a country town and attempts to be-dazzle the eyes of a simple country youth. Her manager saves the situation by giving her a chance to be theatrically sacrificing and the star is safe for Hollywood, leaving the country boy safe for his bucolic sweetheart.

#### RATING:

A rather tiresome repetition of the West formulae without any leavening of spontaneity to relieve it. If you are one of Mae's fans, you might be disappointed—if you are not you will be disgusted.

Born to Dance



Metro-Goldwyn-Maver

#### CAST:

Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Raymond Walburn, Alan Dinehart, Buddy Ebsen, William and Joe Mandel, Juanita Quigley.

#### CREDITS:

Producer, Louis B. Mayer. Associate producer, Jack Cummings. Director, Roy Del Ruth. Story, Jack MacGowan, Sid Silvers and B. G. De Silva. Photography, Ray June, A.S.C. Songs, Cole Porter. Musical Director, Alfred Newman. Dances, Dave Gould, Film Editor, Blanche Sewell. Marine Advisor, Commander Harvey S. Haislip.

#### TYPE:

One of those big, lavish song and dance pictures. It's tuneful, breezy and light entertainment for any kind of audience.

#### TECHNIQUE:

The story isn't much but the way that it is handled is a great deal. The entire picture is really a series of sequences, with each division excelling in its own field. There are comedy spots, dance ensembles, songs and nearly everything you can think of all strung neatly and smoothly together by some of the cleverest cutting imaginable, supervised by Blanche Sewell. Eleanor Powell's dancing continues to delight with its skill, while Eleanor's acting retails its naturalness and wholesome charm. Camera work is excellent. Helen Troy in a bit part registers a comedy hit. The big finale number is on a par with "Ziegfeld" for lavish expenditure, and in spite of this it does not distort the whole picture, which is a credit to director Roy Del Ruth.

#### SYNOPSIS:

The Navy story with embellishments, in which the girl is given an understudy role to a big star, all arranged by her sailor admirer, and on the opening night—! The rest is rontine, but the treatment makes it worthwhile

#### RATING:

One of the best of the musicals to be seen. From start to finish it is a pleasing and genuinely entertaining picture. Reunion



(20th Century-Fox)

#### CAST:

The Dionne Quintuplets, Jean Hersholt. Rochelle Hudson, Helen Vinson, Slim Summerville, Robert Kent, John Qualen, Dorothy Peterson, Alan Dinehart, Sara Haden, Tom Moore, George Ernest, Esther Ralston, Maude Eburne.

#### CREDITS:

Producer, Darryl Zanuck. Associate producer, Bogart Rogers. Director, Norman Taurog. Story, Bruce Gould. Screenplay. Sam Hellman, Gladys Lehman, Sonya Levien. Photography, Daniel B. Clark. Musical direction, Emil Newman. Film editor, Jack Murray. Assistant director, Ed O'Fearna.

#### TYPE:

Human interest comedy-drama which provides entertainment for young or old.

#### TECHNIQUE:

A rather unique plot idea is carried through with finesse by the use of good direction and able cutting. There are a few weak spots but the story is brightened by the Quins, who take top acting honors by just being themselves. Jean Hersholt scores again as the lovable country doctor, and Slim Summerville carries a top comedy role with excellent effect. Others in the cast are up to high form and the whole picture is bright and carried through with an eye to entertainment. The photography is very good and the dialogue sparkles with genial humour and a fresh wit that aids in making the technique of the picture well done. The Quins are handled beautifully and there is enough footage of them in action to satisfy the interested audience completely.

#### SYNOPSIS:

The title indicates the plot, which is a reunion of all the people brought into the world by the country doctor who ushered in the Quins. It's a "Grand Hotel" idea, as the plots interweave and become entangled, with the doctor unravelling the tangled lives of his patients with homely skill. The idea is worked out without resorting to any confusing technique, which is in itself a surprise.

#### RATING:

Grand entertainment packed with good laughs and fresh situations. Well worth seeing.

## VEW PICTU

#### by PAULINE GALE

The Garden of Allah



#### (United Artists) Selznick International

#### CAST:

Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Tilly Losch, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Marshall, John Carradine, Lucile Watson, Helen Jerome

#### CREDITS:

Producer, David O. Selznick. Director, Richard Boleslawski, Original story, Robert Hichens. Screen play, W. P. Lipscomp and Lynn Riggs. Assistant Producer, Willis Goldbeck. Music, Max Steiner. Photography, W. Howard Green and Harold Rosson. Associate Photographers, Virgil Miller, Wilfred Cline and Robert Carney. Special effects, Jack Cosgrove. Color designer, Lansing C. Holden. Color supervisor, Natalie Kalmus. Settings, Sturges Carne. Costumes, Ernst Dryden. Assistant director, Eric Stacey. Recorder, Earl A. Wolcott.

#### TYPE:

Serious drama against a colorful background. Essentially an adult picture as to story, but the color will be appreciated by all ages and classes.

#### TECHNIQUE:

First, to the five photographers go top honors for truly beautiful pictures in exquisite color. The sunsets on the desert are breath-taking in their loveliness. To Max Steiner, taking in their loveliness. To Max Steiner, next, goes due honor for music which enhances the story and weaves a thread of enchantment through the picture. Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich enact their parts with warmth and the supporting cast, with Joseph Schildkraut in particular, is effective. A drawback is the slowness with which the story in offset but the beauty of unfolds, but that is offset by the beauty of the photography and the color. It is a paced drama, geared for color.

#### SYNOPSIS:

Who doesn't know the Robert Hichen's classic, which portrays the meeting of an escaped monk in the desert with a beautiful woman-of their happy marriage and of their unhappy parting when he returns to the Monastery to live out his vows in silence?

#### RATING:

Highly recommended for its beauty, but the unhappy story is spun out on a long thread. The fact that the thread is of color makes this a memorable picture.



CAST:

Burgess Meredith, Margo, Eduardo Cianelli, John Carradine, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Mischa Auer, Barbara Pepper.

#### CREDITS:

Producer, Pandro S. Berman. Director, Alfred Santell. Original play, Maxwell Anderson. Screenplay, Anthony Veiller. Photography, Peverell Marley, A.S.C. Special effects, Music arrangements, Maurice de Packh. Film editor, William Hamilton.

#### TYPE:

A haunting tragedy played against drab backgrounds. Appealing to lovers of drama and the mental type of story. Definitely adult in theme.

#### TECHNIQUE:

Similar in technique to the "Informer" this stage play, acclaimed as the best of 1935, is brought to the screen with faithful rendition and a sincere attempt to do it justice. honors go to Burgess Meredith and Margo, the two leads, who enact their stage roles for the screen with warmth and conviction. The surrounding cast supports with artistry. There is a rhythm and flow to the screenplay which heightens the fateful effect of the grim drama. Ominous music carries through the relentless theme.

#### SYNOPSIS:

A man is convicted of a crime which he did not commit and is sentenced to electrocution. His son, growing up, swears vengeance on his father's enemies who railroaded web of intrigue formed by the gangsters who attempt to foil his efforts toward clearing his father's name. There is a love theme when a sister of one of the gangsters allies herself with the boy. The mental as well as physical struggle is movingly depicted.

Not for all audiences, but an absorbing drama with memorable acting and artistic production. Without comedy relief, it is sordid and hauntingly depressing, yet, in spite of this, it will hold you spellbound.

#### Pennies From Beavon



(Columbia)

CAST:

Bing Crosby, Madge Evans, Edith Fellowes, Louis Armstrong, Donald Meek, Mydia West-

\*\*CREDITS: Director, Normal McLeod. Screen play, Joe Swerling. Original, Katharine Leslie Moore and William Rankin. Photography. Robert Pittack. Songs, Arthur Johnson and John Burke.

Amusing comedy featuring songs and a gay story. Everybody's picture.

#### TECHNIOUE:

Acting gets credits here, as Bing Crosby puts his songs and himself over with creditable charm. Edith Fellowes runs him a close second, taking honors for a child actress who does not over-act nor become "cute" at the wrong time. Director Normal McLeod gets the most from a sparse story and packs it with surprise laughs and ably-placed songs. The story, basically, is trite, but the acting of the top cast lifts it above its material and makes it worth while. The songs are catchy and their placement is noteworthy. Photography is well handled throughout.

#### SYNOPSIS:

Deemed unfitted to care for their small protege, a street singer, (Bing) and the child's guardian, (Donald Meek) are left without their small companion, Edith Felwithout their small companion, Edith Fellowes, who is sent to an orphanage. The way they make good and the way the child gets free from the orphanage and the well-meaning settlement workers is the plot, which ends well, naturally. The title is an actual one, since Bing, as a street singer, exists from pennies tossed from upstairs windows. Not much of a story, but it is so handled as to be entertaining. be entertaining.

#### RATING:

Good songs, hilarious sequences and excellent acting make up for a threadbare and trite plot. It's fun, and that's what makes a picture worth while, after all,

#### The Motion Picture Studio Insider Magazine Recommends the Following Pictures as Worthy Entertainment:

"CAMILLE." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

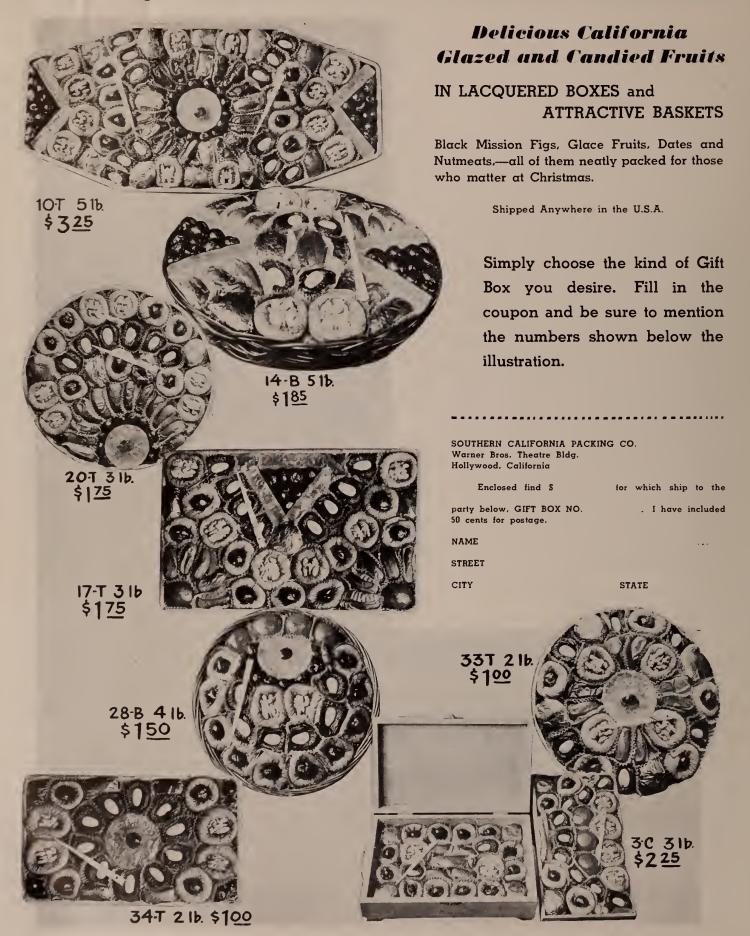
"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE," Warner Bros.
"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," Selznick International

"A WOMAN REBELS." RKO-Radio
"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN," Columbia
"COME AND GET IT," Samuel Goldwyn
"LLOYDS OF LONDON," 20th Century-Fox

"HIDEAWAY GIRL." Paramount

"3 SMART GIRLS," Universal

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